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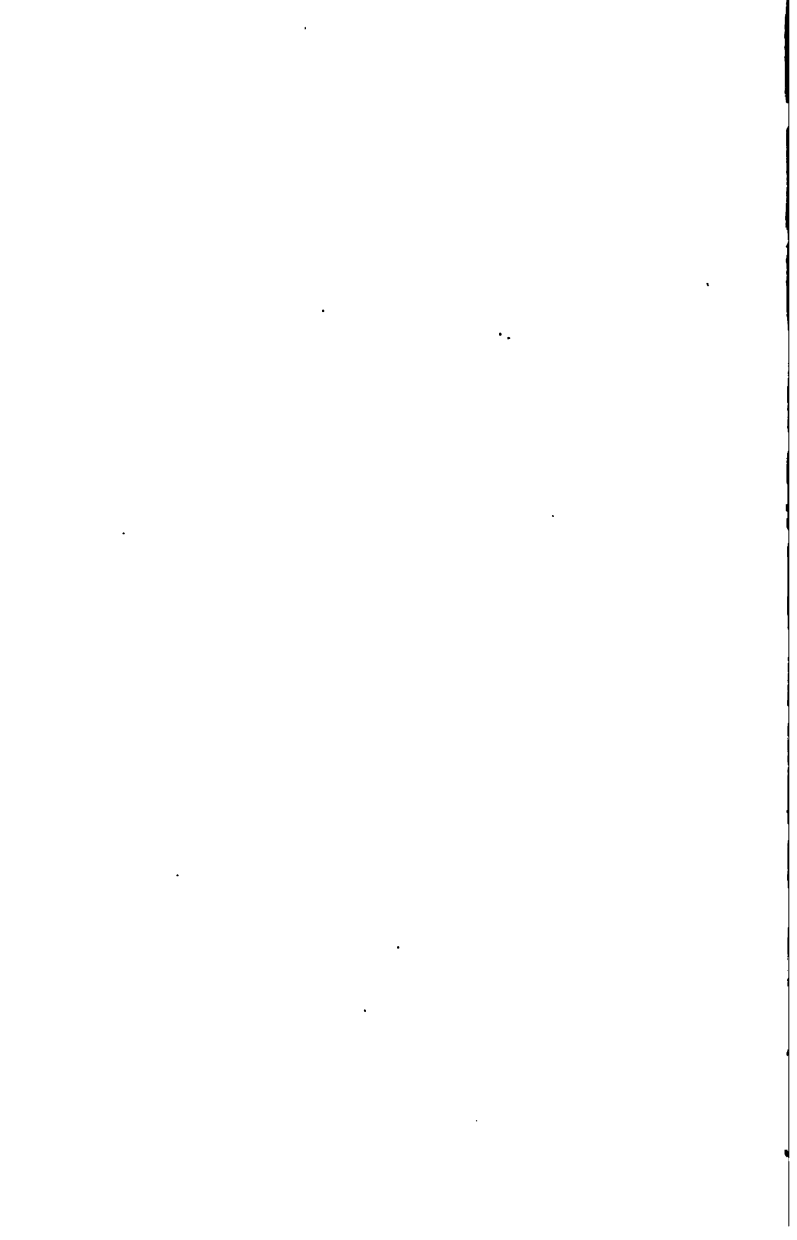


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NOTES OF A TOUR

IN

THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT.



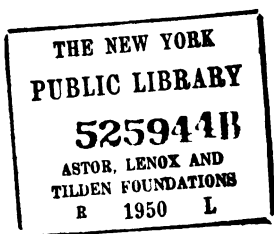
NOTES OF A TOUR
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IN THE SUMMER OF 1854.

BY
B. W. NOEL, M.A.

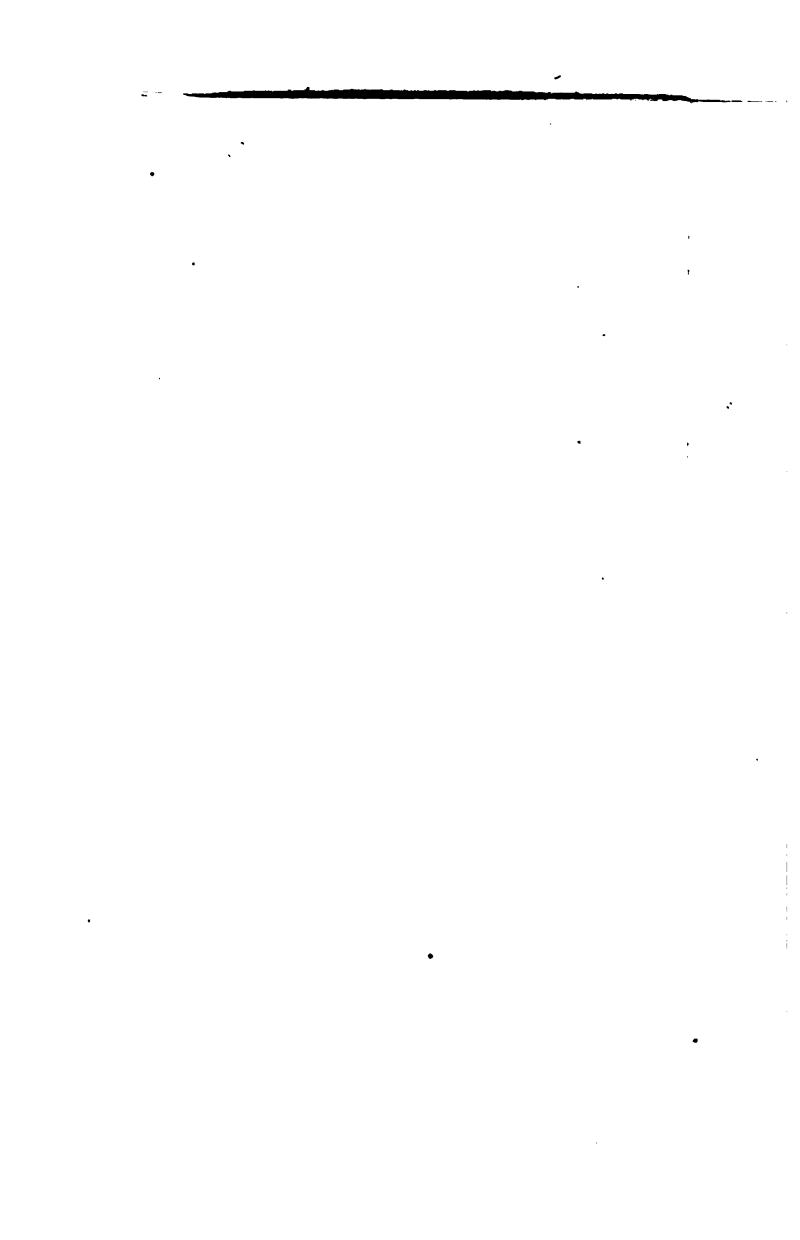
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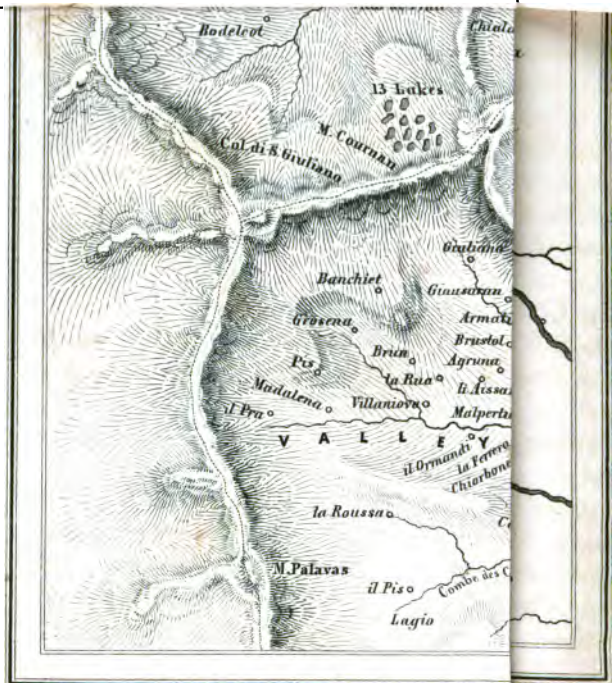
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NOTES OF A TOUR
IN THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1854.

THE Vaudois or Waldenses occupy several valleys on the eastern declivities of a chain of mountains which connects the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland with the maritime Alps of Piedmont. They have never yielded to the unscriptural claims of the Church of Rome: but, during those ages of sin and folly in which the Roman Pontiffs reached the zenith of their power, they maintained Evangelical doctrine, and faithfully resisted Papal usurpations. For this they have been sentenced to extermination by Papal bulls; successive armies have been sent to slaughter them; they have been maligned, tortured, and murdered. No Churches have suffered so much as they have: and through all their sufferings they have maintained their protest on behalf of Evangelical

truth against the corruptions of the Church of Rome to this day. In the beginning of this century, indeed, they fell into false doctrine, and lost almost all spiritual religion. But God has by his grace restored them in a measure; their pastors generally are now faithful men; religion is growing among them, and they seem likely to be useful to the whole of Piedmont. Having, since I first read their history, felt much interest in their welfare, it was with great pleasure that I set out from Paris, July 13th, with my friend, Mr. Roussel, to visit them. We hoped that he would be able to do them some good, with the blessing of God, by preaching in their parishes; and we further wished to learn whether the Evangelical Continental Society, from which we went as a Deputation, can promote the evangelization of Piedmont by its contributions through them as its medium.

Thursday evening, July 13th, at eight o'clock, Mr. Roussel and I left Paris by the Lyons Railway, and reached Macon at five o'clock. At half-past six we left Macon in the diligence and reached Geneva at eight o'clock in the evening. The road has many interesting features. The Lakes of Nantua and of Silan, by which it passes, are placed amidst beautiful mountains; the valley of the Rhone, near Bellegarde, is deep and narrow; and near it is the Loss of the Rhone (Perte du Rhone), where the river, when low,

plunges beneath the rocks, and runs for some distance along a subterranean channel. The Fort de l'Ecluse, which entirely commands the valley at the point where it stands, is exceedingly picturesque; and, as the road approaches Geneva, Mont Blanc comes into sight. On the evening of our arrival it was unclouded, clear, and rosy; and gave us a bright welcome to the city of the blue and "arrowy" Rhone.

On Monday, 17th, we left Geneva at half-past six o'clock. The day was fine, and enabled us to enjoy a succession of beautiful views along the road. The wooded lake of Annecy invites the traveller to explore its banks; Aix stands in a very pretty country; and Chambéry is embosomed in fine mountains. We reached this latter place about four o'clock, and there had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Hudry Menos, editor of the "Savoyard Gleaner" ("Glaneur Savoyard"), who seems to be doing much good in Savoy. Some years since, when Dr. Malan stopped at Sallenche, on his way to Mont Blanc, he was arrested, because he had distributed some evangelical tracts, carried before the magistrate at Bonneville, and thence escorted by four gendarmes to the frontiers. At that time not a new testament could be safely given away, and no Protestant worship was allowed either to the English or French at Chamouni. At Sallenche, I found in the market on sale medals consecrated to Mary,

which some Catholics wear, as Africans do their fetiches, to keep off evil; and such superstitious tales as "The Apparition of the Virgin to the Two Children at La Salette."

Now, M. Hudry Menos publishes an Evangelical journal, which has about 200 Roman Catholic subscribers. But this has not been without opposition.

The priests of Savoy, through their journals, "The Echo of Mont Blanc," and "The Courier of the Alps," have endeavoured to repress the growth of religious inquiry by statements like the following:—"English zeal, identified with Mazzinianism, extends itself in Piedmont with diabolic skill and constancy. There it is not content with preaching revolt as an unprescriptible right and assassination as a sacred duty." "Protestantism in our day is no longer a doctrine,—it is an immense revolt; it is, like its worthy associate democracy, a machine of war against religious and civil authority."—ECHO.

"Does John Bull wish to make us Methodists (*Momiers*)? He has too much sense to push his pretensions so far. A corpse cannot conquer; it can only kill by the pestilential exhalations which it diffuses. Such is exactly the present state of Protestantism, and such the only effects which it can produce." "Are we wrong in saying that the convention which raised altars to the goddess Reason was only a faithful scion of Pro-

testantism?" "What is Protestantism, if not a religious revolution in permanence,—a perpetual revolt of pride against the most sacred authority, that of God and of his Church. It is nothing but a universal protestation of error and of evil against truth, virtue, and religion." "It is a dissolvent doctrine, which makes God an executioner and man a machine; which urges us to vice with one hand, and with the other points us to heaven as its recompense. For it there is no good or evil, vice or virtue: these are but accidents, of which God is the sole cause; murder is as divine as charity."—COURIER.

But words are not their only weapons. For replying, in his journal, to these charges, Mr. Menos was brought before the Court of Appeal at Chambery, September, 1853; and, although ably defended by his counsel, Mr. Curt-comte, was sentenced to a fine of 300 francs and to imprisonment for 100 days. More recently, also, his publisher, Mr. Jeandet, was brought before the magistrate "for holding opinions contrary to the religion of the State," and was condemned to a fine of 300 francs and imprisonment for six days. Persecution, however, has defeated the ends of his persecutors; for when he was thrown into prison for having preached the Gospel by his writings to the public, he preached it by his voice to the prisoners. When forbidden by the governor to do so, he acted in the spirit of the

apostles, who met a similar prohibition by saying to the priests of Jerusalem, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye;" and he continued to preach to them. Several of these prisoners, at their release, came to his house for New Testaments; and 230 Bibles and Testaments have been sold in the province of Faucigny by colporteurs under his superintendence. He is a grave, sensible, and earnest man. Affliction and thought have, through the grace of God, moderated the impetuosity of youth; and he seems to be firm without imprudence, and zealous without bitterness. Patient perseverance in well-doing has lessened the contempt and resentment which, at his first profession of Evangelical truth, he was called to bear. Then he was hooted by children in the street, and old friends crossed over the way to avoid him. Now these vexations have ceased: for his writings, though they continue to be as Evangelical as before, he is no longer molested; besides circulating about 1,600 copies of his "Gleaner," he has established a public "Evangelical Library" in a good street in the centre of the city; and he has opened a small room for Protestant worship. It appears to me that he ought to be aided in his important labors. Those who wish to promote the knowledge of the Gospel in Savoy, a country which is behind Piedmont in knowledge and in freedom of thought, will do

well to take in the "Savoyard Gleaner," which is a cheap and well-executed journal.*

An excellent road runs among the mountains to Lans-le-bourg, which is at the foot of Mont Cenis; and the scenery is not unlike that of the valley of the Rhone between Martigny and Brig. All along this road a bright sun and beautiful views made our journey pleasant. How different our condition from that of hundreds of poor Vaudois, who, in the depth of winter, were driven in nakedness and hunger from their native country, by the cruelty of the Church of Rome, to die along this road.

The 22d of October, 1685, Louis XIV., under priestly influence, revoked the edict of Nantes, and drove hundreds of thousands of the best citizens of France from their native land, while hundreds of thousands more were exposed to all kinds of sufferings at home; and, January 31, 1686, under similar influence, Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, forbade all Vaudois worship in his dominions, ordered the temples to be demolished, banished their ministers, and marched an army into the valleys to enforce his decree. Numbers of the Vaudois were murdered, and numbers more were outraged by these Catholic soldiers. Twelve thousand were in a few days

* Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners-street, and the subscription for a year is about eight shillings.

seized and crowded into fourteen fortresses as prisoners; of these five hundred were sent to Louis XIV., by whom they were condemned to the galleys; ill-treatment so thinned the numbers of the rest, that, when at length the Duke agreed to banish them to Switzerland, not more than four thousand remained; and that their exile might be to them scarcely less severe than a sentence of death, the Papal Duke turned them out of his prisons in mid-winter, the strongest men enfeebled by long confinement, the old men, women, and children, feebler still, without money, and without suitable clothing to cross these frozen Alps. One hundred and fifty of those who were turned out of the fortress of Mondovi died the first day of their march; eighty-six of those turned out of the prison of Fossan died in a snow storm upon Mont Cenis; and, for days following, travellers across those mountains saw their bodies stretched upon the snow, among whom were frozen mothers, with their infants frozen to death in their arms. The rest, doubtless, had similar hardships. All through January and February, 1687, did these suffering disciples of the Redeemer drag their weary limbs in cold, weakness, and pain from Suza to Lans-le-bourg, from Lans-le-bourg to St. Jean de Maurienne, from St. Jean de Maurienne to Chambery, and from Chambery to Geneva. That journey to us so bright and beautiful had seen their emaciated forms totter-

ing along during many dark and tempestuous days, the poor remnants of twelve thousand, who had preferred exile or death to apostasy. All this Catholic popes, prelates, and priests have done, through Catholic potentates and Catholic soldiers, in the name of Jesus, who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." (John xiii. 35.) But it was predicted: for John saw the Church of Rome in the apocalyptic vision, as a woman sitting on a savage beast, drunk with the blood of the saints. (Rev. xvii. 3—6.) An emblem which was verified through ages.

We left Chambery at six o'clock on Tuesday morning, reached Suza at half-past three o'clock, got into the train for Turin at four o'clock, enjoyed much the bright, clear sunrise upon the mountains which overhang Suza, and at six o'clock reached the Hotel Federe, at Turin, after twenty-four hours of travel. Thus the journey from Paris to Turin, by Mont Cenis, had cost us fifty-seven hours of travel, not including our halts at Geneva and at Chambery. As the railroad to Pignerol was not yet opened, we took the diligence to that place. The horses were ominously lean, the distance is fifteen miles, and the road being generally a deep stiff mud, we took five hours to accomplish that stage. However, the views were delightful. Monte Rosa and the rest of the northern chain were indeed not visible,

but straight before us was Monte Viso and the Vaudois mountains, which we were seeking. Besides these objects of interest, we found a great source of amusement in the conversation of the conductor. This man had a short, thick frame, a bright eye, an ample forehead, and an arch, waggish look, as if he was accustomed to make others laugh. Piedmont is now a free country; and he seemed as much pleased to think of this, as a horse is pleased to find himself turned out of his stable into a park without a saddle on his back, or a bridle in his mouth. A citizen of New York or of Connecticut could not be more at his ease. So he placed himself near us on the roof, and began a conversation on the politics of Italy. Avowing himself to be democratic, he offered us a paper, containing, as he thought, some excellent remarks on the tyranny of the rich. Mr. Roussel pointed out to him expressions, which proved that the writer was as selfish as the rich, whom he blamed: and showed him that rich and poor, conservatives and democrats, are apt to be selfish and unjust until true religion makes them just and generous.

Then he brought out and offered us a copy of the "Campanone," a rabid priestly paper, to which we objected as much as to the other. After this he offered us the last number of the "Gazetta del Popolo," which is a Liberal and influential paper, very determined against the

priesthood, but not revolutionary; at which I expressed my surprise that he took and read such opposite journals. "I like to see all sorts," he said; and brought out two more, which he wished us also to glance at. At length he found that we were Protestants and Constitutionalists, which discovery gave him his tone for the rest of the journey. Now he had plenty to say against the priests. Passing by a church, near which was the house of the curé, he pointed to the house, saying, "*Voilà sa maison*;" and then pointing to the church, exclaimed, "*Voilà sa boutique!*" This last idea he illustrated by the following imaginary conversation between a priest and himself:—"Signor Curé, what must I do to be saved?" "If you would be saved, you must repent and do good works." "What good works would save me?" "God loves sacrifices made for his cause; you should therefore give of your substance to support the Church." "Will you accept, then, this dollar for some religious object?" "You can't think that such a gift, which is no sacrifice at all, will save you." "Accept, then, these hundred dollars." "Consider, you are rich; a hundred dollars are nothing to a man of your substance. I cannot promise you that offerings so slight will save your soul." "Well, then, take a thousand dollars." "Ah! that is right; now you may hope that your soul will be saved." At which the little man, as

though he had suddenly received salvation, leapt up on the roof, and raising his hand to heaven, with his leather purse in it, exclaimed, "Oh, blessed Church! I shall go then to heaven by the weight of my purse!" We then told him that he was right in thinking no alms and no good works would save him, since God required a change of heart; and that the two great commands are, to love God with all the heart, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. "I have always been disposed," he rejoined, "to think it a mistake to place the love of God first. I should rather say, the first duty is to love our neighbour, and the second to love God." He then very cleverly imitated a preacher descanting on love to God just before doing something malevolent or unjust to a neighbour, and maintained, that if a man loves his neighbours he will love God too. Mr. Roussel excellently proved his opinion to be erroneous; showing how love to God produces love to man, and that selfishness hinders love to man where there is no love to God.

Our energetic controversialist, now descending from the roof of the carriage, buried himself for a while in the interior, where we soon heard a loud debate. He had placed himself near a priest: and at length, half an hour after, emerged from the interior all furious, exclaiming, "He is ready to murder me; these fellows can't bear

to hear a word of truth!" The old priest with whom he had been waging a mortal strife was probably more sinned against than sinning. Our conductor was no friend of the priests, which he expressed with ludicrous gravity by saying, "Depuis que j'ai été PROFONDEMENT INSTRUIT dans la religion Chretienne, j'ai cessé d'etre un Catholique," laying special emphasis upon the "profondément instruit." Alas! he had ceased to be a Catholic, without knowing anything better than the errors which he had renounced.

In talk like this we beguiled five hours, during which we were creeping through the mud, and at length reposed from the intense heat in the hotel at Pignerol. Here we met M. Charbonnier, who has fitted up a room as a chapel, and preaches to a small Vaudois congregation. About a hundred and fifty Vaudois and a few Catholics attend. Mons. C. preaches in French and Italian. According to the testimony of friends whom I could trust he is a faithful man. Pignerol has about ten thousand inhabitants, of whom about one hundred may be Vaudois, and the other members of the congregation come from the parish of Prarustin.

Thursday, the 20th, we went in an omnibus to La Tour. Although the sun was hot and the road dusty as the poor lean cattle crept along the road, the Vaudois mountains on our right, and Monte Viso with its snowy pyramid before us,

were so bright and clear as to make the drive extremely interesting. The view, as the traveller approaches La Tour, is beautiful in the extreme. It has no snow mountains to boast, such as those which are seen from Sallenche and Interlaken, nor has it any single feature as striking as Mont Varens or Mont Douron on the road from Geneva to Chamouni; but placed at the foot of a wooded hill, whence rises the crag of Castelluzzo, and over that the steep and rocky Vandalin, with the valley of Luserne and its mountains to the left, and the wooded valley of Angrogna to the right, it is rich and romantic. But the chief charm of these valleys is the recollection of events, which are more heart-stirring than those which make the Lake of Lucerne and the rocks of Uri sacred to the lovers of liberty. It is the land of Janavel, and of Henry Arnaud, whose bravery, not inferior to that of William Tell, was exerted in a still nobler cause. These mountains are fortresses where a poor but pious people have resisted for centuries all the efforts of the Church of Rome to extinguish the gospel, and where kings and priests have labored in vain to subdue the faith of a few evangelical churches sustained by prayer and aided by God.

At the inn we found several friends, English and French, who, like ourselves, wished to see a region consecrated by so much bravery and so much devotedness. M. and Mlle. Audebez, of

Paris, with Miss Portal, and several other English ladies and gentlemen, were there, all able to sympathize in the heroic constancy of the ancient Vaudois. M. Audebez, who has preached the Gospel with much zeal and success in several of the French Departments, would have been heard by these congregations with interest, but his health did not permit the exertion.

Friday morning, at half-past three o'clock, I ascended the Vandalin, passed through the woods in which Taillaret is embosomed,—woods which the murderous soldiers of Della Trinità and of Pianezza had made resound with the cries and groans of the persecuted peasants, but which now were beautiful in the calm, cool dawn. I came out on the grass of the Costa Roussina, upon which Colonel Cornelio met his death while he led his regiment to attack the Pra del Tor; and at length climbing the Vandalin itself, pink with the rhododendron, or soft with short mountain grass, I halted for breakfast near the summit. There a chalet afforded me excellent milk, and my guide was not sorry to lighten the wallet which he carried on his back. The views on the crest of the mountain answered my expectations. The burning sun towards the north lighted up the snowy summits of Mont Cenis, the Roccia Melone, which is upwards of eleven thousand feet in height, and Monte Rosa, which stands next to Mont Blanc in mountain majesty; and, towards

the south, shone on the sharp ridges and inaccessible crags of Monte Viso, with its pyramid of ten thousand feet. All the valley of Luserne, backed by its Alpine skreen, from Mont Frioland to the Col de la Croix, lay in sunshine beneath me when I turned southwards; and northwards, the rich verdure of Angrogna was crowned by the mountains which encompass the Pra del Tor, and by those which rise behind the Valley of St. Martin. Here I could see the sacred fortress of Christian heroes, with the Rous, the Infernet, the Cervins, and the Vachère, its faithful guardians close to me; while far away lay chain after chain of distant mountains, till the wavy chaos terminated in the glittering summits of Monte Rosa. The sun was intensely hot; and when I exposed my neck by taking off my neckcloth, it so scorched me, that my skin the next day peeled off, as it would after a severe scald, from all the back of my neck. But while we were stepping from rock to rock along the crest of the mountain, which for a long way is as narrow as a wall,—indeed, much narrower than the old walls of Babylon,—some flying clouds offered us their grateful shade. Sometimes they hid out the view, involving us in a deep grey mist; then opening they showed, now the formidable rocks of Monte Viso towering in heaven like another world; now part of the graceful outline of the Vachère; and now the glittering ice-fields of

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Monte Rosa. All these scenes were so aerial, so varied, so bright, so evanescent amidst their floating drapery of clouds, as to be unusually enjoyable. After making my way among the rhododendrons where there was no path, and then over the grey and storm-worn rocks of the sharp mountain crest, at length I descended to the chalets of the Cella Veglia, at the foot of the Rous; much tired and intending to sleep there, that I might climb that mountain the next morning. But as it was still early, we again set out to reach, if possible, the summit that evening. I climbed about an hour, but the ascent is steep, requiring one sometimes to creep with both hands and feet, so that, at length, my limbs refused to do more; and, exhausted, I lay down about half-an-hour from the summit. I was exceedingly disappointed; but the descent was slippery, there was no path, in parts we had to cross a region of loose rocks, my knees were trembling, and we had only time enough to arrive at the Cella Veglia before night. So it was more prudent to descend. On these heights there are no such hotels as those which gladden the traveller on the Righi, the Wengern, and the Faulhorn; but a young peasant agreed to share with us his chalet and his cow-shed. These chalets also are very unlike those which the reader may have visited on the Bernese Alps, which are picturesque constructions of fir-wood, with an air of

cleanliness and comfort, still less are they to be compared with those pretty models which we bring from Switzerland. That in which I dined was a small hut, built of stones, without mortar, about five feet high inside at the highest part, and about four at the lowest part. Its ceiling sloped like the roof, from north to south, it was without a window, its floor was of mud, and its door was about four feet high. It had neither table or chair, and but one three-legged stool, used for milking the cows. There was no chimney; and the owner seemed to think, like the peasants of Connaught and Munster, that it is a waste of fuel to let the heated smoke escape till it has circulated through the house. A few garments hung on pegs, a copper vessel for milk or water, one or two flat dishes, in which the milk stood, several blackened pots and pans, and two old boxes, which served for chests and seats, formed the furniture. This was our drawing-room; the bedroom was in a separate cow-shed. The cow-shed was about five feet high, about nine feet in length, and seven in breadth: here three cows stood in accumulating filth. Above the shed was a loft, which varied in height, from three feet to one foot, the ceiling being formed by the sloping roof of the building. This was to be our bed-room. I had been told that the nights on the mountain were intensely cold, and therefore I put on my great coat at night as a preparation. Inserting

myself between two of the close-packed cows, I put my foot on the manger, and so climbed by a hole just over their heads into the loft; and, at first, thought I should need my great coat, since the unmortared stones, both of the walls and of the roof, left chinks and holes innumerable, through which the moonlight penetrated. But I was completely mistaken. A fresh crop of hay, which we had seen steaming upon the stone roof in the sun, had been transferred to the inside to form our bed; a stream of hot and perfumed air came up from the cows beneath; and I immediately began to perspire, as in a vapor bath.

The roof was about two feet and a-half from my face, and touched my toes. I was scarcely laid down when a rat ran, close to my face, across the inside of the roof, and a goat began to frisk upon it outside. Soon after the guide crept in beside me, thus adding his animal heat to mine; and when the shepherd next stretched himself by the side of the guide, there was a condensation of hay, cow, and animal vapors, which the chinks and holes in the walls most imperfectly alleviated. Any one standing in the cold moonshine outside would have seen a column of hot steam issuing through all the chinks in the roof as from the Great Geyser in Iceland, or from a stack of damp sea-weed, in the burning sun, on the coast of Clare. So, at least, I fancied. Instead of sleeping, I felt so fidgetty and restless that I could

have kicked the walls down, if possible, and proposed to my guide to sleep on the roof outside the building, instead of inside. He assured me it would be dangerous; and I resigned myself to these imprisoned vapors, hoping the cold night air would soon reduce the fever-heat. Shortly my guide was snoring, and in his sleep began to bombard my legs with his knees, pinioning me to the wall; while a little freedom for movement became almost a necessity of existence. Contrary to my expectations, the heat scarcely subsided through the night; and, to add to my causes of unrest, the cow beneath me, as if seized, like myself, by fidgets and fever, began to batter with her horns against the ceiling of the shed, shaking our bed at each blow. With exemplary patience I lay there till about half-past two, and then, as I found my guide had waked up, I told him we had better prosecute our journey. "Impossible," he said, "I don't know the path well, and there is no light." However, I would have it that by the time we were fairly out of our prison and had washed our faces, some light would dawn. So the cowherd good-naturedly crept out through the hole first, then followed the guide, and, lastly, I made my way between two startled cows, who seemed to think we were strange visitors, disturbing their slumbers at that unreasonable hour. The guide was right; there was not a gleam of light; and we were obliged to sit in the chalet, I

on the stool, and he on an old box, for about half an hour, before we could begin our descent to the Pra-del-tor. Three hours we followed the course of the torrent, which, descending from the Rous in a cascade a little above the Cella Veglia, receives numerous streamlets on its way; and then, swollen by the waters of the Infernet, becomes a considerable stream before it reaches the Pra. The glorious sun soon began to redden the mountain-tops with its fires. Again we saw Monte Rosa, with its subordinate mountains, glittering in its light; but we descended rapidly, and before it could look upon us over the Vachere we had got down into the Pra. There, at six o'clock, we opened our wallet for breakfast on the grass beneath a tree near the centre of the beautiful basin. It was like a discord in the harmony of the lovely scene, to look upon the Catholic church, dedicated to Mary, and upon the house of her priest, in that fortress of the Gospel, that asylum of the Evangelical churches, where, for generations, though enemies often gathered round them as numerous as flakes in a snow-storm, there was no enemy within. Now one-fourth of the inhabitants of the Pra are Catholics, either through the sale of Protestant lands to Catholics, or by the effect of mixed marriages. The principal building in the Pra is the Catholic church. Still, here, as elsewhere in the valleys, it stands as a proof of the feebleness of the Church of Rome

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rather than of its power; for, although it has been aided by the whole force of Government, and has command of all the funds required for its missions, it has done as little by its preaching as it formerly did by its murders to turn the Vaudois population from the gospel. Descending slowly amidst these lovely scenes, I passed under the cliffs of Rocciailla, and near the village of Bonne-nuit found a solitary bend of the torrent, where a clear and sparkling basin lay under the shadow of a steep rock. Here I bathed, while my guide, remembering that he had been so cruelly roused at half-past two o'clock, stretched himself on the grass and slept. Near La Serre a mule, which I had ordered from La Tour, met me, by which I was enabled the more to enjoy the woods of Spanish chesnut and of walnut, with the views of the Vandalin, the Infernet, and the mountains beyond Luserne, which make that part of the valley pre-eminently beautiful.

We were not unexpected in the valleys, because Mr. Roussel had written to the moderator to express his wish to preach in the different parishes, and had received a very friendly answer, of which the following is an extract:—"In preaching amongst us daily, and in visiting all our churches, you will introduce our Home Mission better than we could have ventured to hope." The Home Mission, to which the moderator referred, had been instituted by a vote of the last Synod, of

which, as it illustrates the present condition of the Vaudois churches, I will give a short account.

The Vaudois churches are governed by a Synod, composed of pastors and lay deputies, which meets every three years, or oftener if need be. The last met at La Tour, on Monday, May 29th, and sat till Friday, June 2d. It was composed of all the pastors and two lay deputies from each parish, with the pastors and deputies from the Italian Churches of Turin and Genoa, and the professors of the College of La Tour. Several things respecting it were remarkable. Formerly, the intendant of Pignerol, a Catholic, attended the meetings, to watch and control the proceedings; but neither the intendant, nor any other officer from Government, attended either the Synod of 1851 at Pomaret, or this of 1854 at La Tour. The Government, therefore, confides in the loyalty of the Vaudois, and feels no jealousy of their proceedings. Formerly, foreigners were prohibited from speaking in the valleys; and, when Neff had preached three times in their temples, he was told that, had he continued there, he would have been arrested: but at this Synod seven foreigners took part in the proceedings. Mr. Curry and Sir Harry Verney, of the Church of England; Dr. Stewart and Mr. Hanna, of the Free Church of Scotland; Signor Mazzarella, of Naples; M. Rostaing, from the French Valleys, and Francesco Madiai, of Florence, all

spoke in public, without exciting the least jealousy in the Government. Already, therefore, the Vaudois have attained an amount of religious liberty which their fathers longed for in vain. The business transacted by the Synod was important. Changes were voted respecting the choice of the Table, which is the general executive authority of the Vaudois churches. Hitherto, if the moderator was chosen from one of the two valleys of Luserne and St. Martin, the assistant moderator must be chosen from the other valley, by which the best men for this latter office might be excluded. It was now determined that two members of the Table should be chosen from the one valley, and two from the other valley, while the fifth might be taken from either without restriction. Thus the moderator and the assistant moderator may be the best men whom the valleys may furnish for these offices. Hitherto the elders of each parish, who are associated with the pastors, were chosen from each district by the inhabitants of that district, and without examination of their fitness; but the Synod voted, first, that the elder for each district should be chosen by the inhabitants of the whole parish, which brings public opinion more fully to bear on the appointment; and, secondly, that each elder, before being accepted, must pass an examination, by two pastors and by one elder of the parish, as to his faith and knowledge.

Further, the Synod, with a view to remedy certain existing defects, issued commissions to prepare a new catechism, a new hymn-book, and a project of discipline, all of which are to be presented to a Synod to be held in July of next year. Finally, with a view to the spiritual improvement of their own population and the evangelization of Italy, the Synod voted, first, that the Table should proceed to form a Home Mission; and, secondly, that a Theological Institution should be established at La Tour, to train evangelists for preaching the gospel in Italy. As a sign that all these changes will be effected in an evangelical spirit, and be real improvements, I have only to add that I am acquainted with four out of five of the members of the Table; and, from what I heard or saw of these gentlemen, I can say that I believe them to be faithful brethren, who wish to promote the cause of Christ in these valleys. Several of these measures tend to improve the Vaudois churches materially. Amongst them we had most to do with the Home Mission, the establishment of which was reported by one of those present at the Synod, in the following terms:—"A proposition made by the Table to the Synod, for the institution of a Home Mission (Mission Interieure), was carried by a large majority; and the Table was instructed to set it on foot, by the employment of evangelists and

catechists in the parishes, if they found means at their disposal to do so."

Agreeably to this vote, Mr. Roussel was invited to preach in all the parishes; and I cannot but believe that his stirring sermons were calculated to facilitate all the other beneficial measures which the Synod had in view.

Never, since the year 1532, when the Swiss reformers, Farel and Saunier, met the Synod of the Vaudois at Chanforans, in the valley of Angrôgna, when they occupied six days in serious discussions and prayer, has such a Synod been held as that at La Tour. The earlier one led to great improvements in the doctrine and practice of the Vaudois churches. Nay, it did more; the blessing of God so descended on it, that a great revival of spiritual religion through all the valleys became apparent; and, in my opinion, the Vaudois churches have never been more spiritual and devoted than they were in the few years which followed that conference. May this be equally blessed! For these churches, though materially improved, still want revival; nor have I met among them a work of the Spirit of God at all equal to that which I witnessed in some of the French churches in the department of the Drôme and the department of the Gard last year.

I arrived at La Tour in time for the table

d'hôte, at half-past two o'clock, and was glad to find there, besides several English friends, Mr. David, the pastor of Freyssinières and Dormillouse, who had just crossed the Col de la Croix.

Sunday, August 23d, Mr. Roussel preached to a crowded congregation, from John iii. 6. His object was to show that no one is born a Christian; and that no one is a Christian because he has been baptized, or because he has received the Lord's Supper, or because he has attended worship; but that each person must become a Christian, by believing in Jesus, through the Holy Spirit. The people at La Tour need to be reminded of this. When I was last at this place, now seventeen years since, I remember that the gospel was not faithfully preached: in the afternoon the people played at bowls in front of the inn, and the rest of the Sabbath was given to pleasure; while the few earnest persons whom I met at a prayer-meeting in the evening, at St. John, had suffered insult and violence from their fellow-Protestants. All that is past. Anthony Blanc, who was then the object of popular contempt for his piety, is now syndic, or mayor, of La Tour; the college has several evangelical professors, who preach often in the parish temple; and the doctrine of the gospel is recognised as the truth: but many who glory in the name of Vaudois, and who boast of their pious ancestors, have not their piety; and Mr. Roussel did good

service when he showed them that, unless a man is himself born again by the Spirit, through the word of God, he is no Christian, and can look for no blessings through Christ.

In the afternoon Mr. David preached to a smaller congregation; and in the evening Mr. B. Malan presided over a Meeting at the school-room of St. Margaret, close to La Tour, where about a hundred persons were assembled; and, after extempore prayer by Mr. Malan, Mr. Rous-sel addressed the Meeting, and I followed him. That day we saw no public desecration of the sabbath; and if there was some noise at the cabarets in the evening, it was not more than may be found in any town where there is an ordinary proportion of careless persons; and in the commune of La Tour there are no less than 712 Catholics, many of whom are operatives in the silk and cotton manufactories of the place.

Monday, August 24th, we took a cabriolet to St. Second, our driver sitting between us. Now, as the day was broiling, and the ancient vehicle was small, our driver, either because he felt that he was like a cork forced into the neck of a bottle, or like one of the wedges in an oilcake-mill, driven in to compress the bags of linseed, very kindly sat on the edge of the seat, leaning forward. But this, however agreeable to us, added inconveniently to the weight upon the horse, who, therefore, after having shuffled for

some way along the dusty road, thought it his duty to tumble where the dust was half an inch thick. Of course we all rolled over him into the dust. However, a few moments set him on his legs again, and he contrived to shuffle on through the sun and dust till we entered St. Second. This town, now so quiet, was once the scene of an awful retribution. A number of Irishmen who had fled from the sword of Cromwell, and who had entered into the service of the Duke of Savoy, manifested, on April 24th, 1655, when Pianezza, who then commanded the army of Piedmont, ordered a general slaughter of the Vaudois, more zeal than the other murderers with whom they were associated. They tore living infants to pieces; they spitted children alive and roasted them; they burned alive pious, unoffending women; and, for a recompense of their Catholic zeal, were to receive the houses and lands of those whom they had slaughtered. But they did not long enjoy their success; for, a month later, on May 28th, when they were in garrison at St. Second, many of the husbands and fathers of those women and children whom they had tortured, attacked and defeated them, put 700 of them to the sword, and burnt the town. Now, instead of armed men pouring down upon the plain to arrest their persecutors, a number of the pastors of the valleys were assembling in St. Bartholomew, the principal village of the parish of Prarustin, in peace

to converse upon the means of promoting the cause of Christ in these churches. We walked up the hill leading to St. Bartholomew, guided by a fine old man, who had been a soldier under Napoleon. He was evidently without religion. A Catholic in name, he thought all religions equally good, if only men are honest, and do their duty. We took occasion to preach to him the gospel: and asked him to hear M. Durand Canton, that he might learn the way of salvation: upon which, he said, "M. Durand Canton is an excellent man, though some of the people dislike him." When we asked why they disliked him, he replied, "They say he is too severe; but the best families like him all the better for it." I was glad to hear this testimony to the fidelity of M. Canton, which was confirmed by several others. After a melting walk we reached the village. It is placed on the summit of a hill, looking down upon St. Second and Pignerol. Woods and vineyards enrich the beautiful undulations of the descent to the plain, and on each side of the village loftier wooded hills lead to St. Germain on the north, and to St. John on the south; while other picturesque heights lead westwards towards the valley of Angrogna. In this beautiful spot we were received hospitably by Mr. and Mrs. Durand Canton, in whose house we met Mr. Revel, the moderator; Mr. Lantaret, vice-moderator; Mr. T. P. Bonjour, of St. John;

Mr. I. J. Bonjour, of St. Germain; Mr. Vinson, of Pramol; and Mr. Gai, of Angrogna; with Messrs. Malan, Tron, Combe, and Charbonnier. With them we had an interesting conversation on three points: first, the responsibility of the Christian pastor, on which point we examined Ephes. iv. 11, 12; Acts xx.; and 1 Thess. ii.; secondly, on the importance of leading the members of each Christian church to aid the pastor in promoting the cause of Christ, founded on Acts viii. 4; xi. 19, 20; 1 Thess. v. 11; Ephes. iv. 16; Heb. x. 25; and, thirdly, on the importance of pastors, and especially the Vaudois pastors, abstaining from party politics. Messrs. Revel, Malan, and Roussel prayed. I enjoyed the conversation much. Our hospitable hosts then gave us an excellent dinner; after which M. Roussel preached to a crowded congregation in the temple, from Matt. iii. 2, *Repent ye*, which the French translation renders, *Turn ye* (*convertiesez vous*). M. Roussel was more than usually severe in condemning various unchristian habits; and we heard afterwards that some of the congregation said he was rather hard ("un peu dure"). But it was wanted there: for Prarustin, bordering, as it does, upon the plain, and close to the Catholic population of St. Second and Pignerol, is said to have imbibed more of an infidel spirit than any other Vaudois parish. Of this, indeed, we ourselves saw some symptoms;

for as we descended the hill towards St. Second, after the service, with one of the elders of the parish, he pointed out to us two Vaudois, who, like ourselves, had just left the temple; and informed us that they were infidels, who, at first, resolved not to hear Mr. Roussel, but who, at his persuasion, had come.

I fear that Pignerol, if it holds many unbelievers, is no exception to the other cities and towns of Italy. The "*Gazetta del Popolo*," the most popular and the most influential paper in Piedmont, wages war with the priests, and favors Protestantism; but this it does not in a religious spirit, but simply as opposed to superstition and intolerance. Count Cavour, who deserves so well of his country, enlightened, moderate, and tolerant, is thought by those with whom I conversed rather Voltairian than Protestant; and the Pope's last Encyclical agrees with general opinion, in stating that, in Catholic countries, infidels are obtaining increasing influence: "We can scarcely express, venerable brothers," says the pontiff to his bishops, "the grief . . . with which our heart is afflicted, when we behold the Christian and civil commonwealth disturbed, oppressed, and troubled on all sides, with most deplorable calamities of all kinds. . . . All this is the more lamentable, because, among so many evils and misfortunes, the children of darkness struggle more and more every day, with all kinds of diabolical frauds,

artifices, and efforts, to wage a most bitter war against the Catholic Church and its salutary doctrine; to pull down and destroy the authority of all legitimate power; to corrupt and deprave the minds and the intellect of the people; to propagate on all sides the deadly poison of indifference and infidelity; to confuse all rights, divine and human; to stir up dissensions, discords, and the commotions of impious rebellion; to encourage crime, and all kinds of depravity; and to leave nothing untried, so that, if it were possible, our most holy religion might be obliterated from the midst of us; and human society be overturned from its foundations."

This is doubtless a lamentable state of society in Rome and in Italy; but the Pope forgets that he, his prelates, and his priests, have caused it. The world is getting too old for shams; and no religion, which is not solid and true, can bear the searching spirit of modern criticism. How much of the religion of the Church of Rome is unreal! To mention two points only as instances. The worship claimed for Mary, and for the wafer, is such as will not bear investigation. Against both Scripture and reason the popes, prelates, and priests, teach that, when ten thousand of them, say over ten thousand wafers, "*Hoc est corpus meum*," the ten thousand wafers are transubstantiated, so that each becomes the body and blood, the soul and divinity of Jesus Christ; and,

consequently, is to be worshipped as God; and that, further, when the ten thousand Catholics eat these ten thousand wafers, each of them eats the body and blood, the soul and divinity, that each swallows God. If any Catholic denies this, he rejects the authority of the Church of Rome, and becomes, in the eyes of popes, prelates, and priests, an infidel; and then he is in danger of becoming an infidel really. "En me disant croyez tout," said Rousseau, "on m'empêchoit de rien croire." All Catholic doctrine hangs together, because all rests on the authority of the Church of Rome; and, therefore, if any part of it is denied, the authority on which the whole rests is denied also, and the Catholic knows not where to stop in his unbelief.

Besides bidding Catholics to worship the wafer, the priests claim from them a worship for Mary, whom they call the mother of God and queen of heaven. And, though they say she is not a goddess, yet she is made by them far greater in dignity and power than Juno, the Greek queen of heaven, or Astarte, the Assyrian queen of heaven, or Ma-tsoo-po, the Chinese queen of heaven, or any other goddess of ancient or modern times.

Thousands bow down before her statues, and Jesus is represented to be in heaven as a little baby in her queenly arms. All this idolatry revolts thoughtful Catholics.

The way in which the idolatry of the wafer

and the idolatry of Mary are sustained by the priests makes the matter worse. Since both reason and scripture show that when the officiating priest, instead of saying of the wafer which he held up for adoration, "Hoc est corpus," muttered, "Panis es et panis manebis," he only spoke truth, because the wafer is simply a wafer, the priests of Piedmont, renouncing the hope of making the people believe that the wafer becomes the body and blood, the soul and divinity, by argument and criticism, have published the following miracle to prove it.

"When Nicholas V. governed the holy Roman Church, some villains entered a parish church, near Exilles, and amongst other things stole a pyx, with the consecrated host within it. Rolling it up with the other spoils, they placed it on the back of a mule, and took the road to Turin. It was the 6th of June, 1453, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, when they came opposite a church dedicated to St. Sylvester. Immediately the mule stopped, fell down on the ground, and remained immovable. The driver, bawled, threatened, and struck the beast; but all was in vain. Then the bundle, as if untied by an invisible hand, opened itself, and the pyx rose into the air, and there remained in sight of all, emitting a resplendent light. A priest, named Cocono, ran quickly to inform the Bishop, Louis Romagnano, who, collecting some of the canons and clergy, went, with

the cross before them, in procession to the place. There they prostrated themselves, and adored the most holy body of Jesus Christ, which was thus glorified in so novel a manner. But what was the wonder, when they saw the pyx fall to the earth, and the host alone remain in the air, more resplendent than the sun! Tears, sighs, and fervent prayers, occupied the minds of all present. The Bishop, then, taking a chalice, held it up beneath the host, which remained suspended in the air, emitting brilliant rays like a resplendent sun; when, lo! a new prodigy! as though the host would obey the voice of the priest and the faithful, by little and little it descended into the chalice. Then, among the hymns of the ecstatic multitude, the Bishop carried the sacred deposit in triumph into the cathedral. Thomas Soleri, of Rivarolo, who had been for three years confined to his bed with the gout, having heard of the miracle, vowed that if he obtained a cure he would visit this miraculous host, and would offer a candle of the weight of three pounds. Immediately he felt himself healed, and the next year he came to fulfil his vow. In 1455, the canons constructed a magnificent tabernacle, in which the host was kept till the order came from Rome that it should be consumed." *

* "Notizie Storiche intorno al Miracolo dell SS. Sacramento," &c. "Torino, 1853." "Con approv della Rev. Arciv."

Now, since there is proof, both from Scripture and reason, that the wafer is simply a wafer, all this story is a lie; and educated Catholics in Piedmont must feel revolted at such methods taken to direct and confirm the popular faith. For this is not merely an ancient legend, consigned, with other superstitions of the middle ages, to oblivion, but it was published in Turin in 1853, and is being circulated by thousands of copies through Piedmont, among other popular Catholic works.

Almost as recently the idolatrous worship of Mary has been supported in a similar manner by the priests. Mary, their queen of heaven, was said to have presented herself, clothed in white and adorned with roses and rubies, to two children at La Salette, in the department of the Isère. On the spot where she stood, a fountain sprung up. Melanie Cornau, by washing at that fountain, was cured of sore eyes in two days. Mrs. Laurence, the wife of a baker, having sent some of her neighbours to the fountain to pray to the queen of heaven on her behalf, because she was bedridden and paralyzed, immediately rose up and walked. And when Lieutenant Angelini received a fragment of the stone on which the queen of heaven had sat, it was found to contain a portrait of Jesus Christ. Thousands of pilgrims have since performed their devotions at the sacred spot.

The miracle was attested by the clergy of the department, and finally received the sanction of the vicar of God, Pius IX. Nevertheless, as the queen of heaven was represented to say "that she could no longer restrain the arm of her Son, ready to strike men," which is blasphemous, the apparition was evidently an imposture. Of this fact evidence has since been furnished in a work called "La Salette,"* published by several clergymen of the diocese of Grenoble, with a preface by the Abbé Déléon. In a memorial to the Pope these priests say:—

"There are no reasons for believing, but strong reasons for disbelieving, (the miracle of) 'la Salette.'

"The character of the children of la Salette affords a strong presumption against the truth of their statements: they have contradicted themselves, and have lied.

"The narratives in the books composed in favor of la Salette have been altered in substantial points.

"The language imputed to the holy Virgin is unbecoming, under whatever aspect it is viewed: the mother of God predicts things which do not happen.

"Cures, which are said to have been obtained

* "La Salette devant le Pape, par plusieurs membres du clergé diocésain." Grenoble, 1854.

by the invocation of our Lady of Salette, are either not authentic, or are evidently sacrilegious impostures.

“One of the two children has retracted his statements before a venerable and holy curé: we have thus, in proof of the falsehood of la Salette, the acknowledgment of him who has originated the fable.

“After the pretended apparition of la Salette there were a great number of others, especially in the diocese of Valence, with as much evidence in their favor as that of la Salette; and yet the believers in la Salette reject them.

“The same person may have enacted all these apparitions. An ancient nun, Mlle. Lamerlière, appears to have played this part. The dress which she possessed before the 19th of September, 1846, which is exactly like that of the lady of la Salette, the words which she has spoken, and certain acts which she has performed, lead to the belief that the apparition was her work.

“We have presented what we have said in the form of doubts; but we doubt not: our doubts are certainty, and that certainty will be shared by all who read the memorial.

“This memorial was communicated to the Cardinal Metropolitan by a deputation of the clergy, with a prayer that he would transmit it to the sovereign Pontiff, on the personal guarantee

of more than fifty priests of the diocese, belonging to all degrees of the hierarchy, and exercising their ministry within a very small section of the vast diocese of Grenoble."*

Notwithstanding this exposure numbers of Catholics will still believe it. The Pope will not withdraw his sanction; the narrative of miracles, &c., will still circulate; the Catholic fraternities in England and elsewhere in honor of the miracle will still continue; and when all the proofs of its being an imposition are forgotten, it will take its place among the established Roman Catholic miracles; just as the pretended miracle of the luminous wafer, which was doubtless denied and disproved by many at the time, has done.

By such miracles the credulous are made more fanatical; but those who examine and reflect are driven into infidelity. All the falsehoods acted and spoken in the name of Christianity do not indeed prove it to be itself false; and those who reason correctly would distinguish between Christianity and Catholicity; between the gospel and the priestcraft which has overloaded it with false doctrines, false sacraments, and false miracles. But how can Catholics make this distinction, especially in Italy? If anything has been assiduously inculcated by

* "La Salette," pp. 313, 314, 368.

the priests, it is that the Bible is unintelligible to unassisted laymen, in consequence of which it has almost vanished from Catholic countries; and as Catholics have no knowledge of Christianity but from their priests and from priestly authors, when they find out that they have led them to worship a woman and a wafer, and have sustained their idolatry by fictitious miracles, they naturally conclude that the rest of their system is as false as that part of it, and that Christianity, like the apparition at la Salette, is a lie.

To this conclusion Catholics are led naturally by another idea, which, though false and frivolous, is sedulously inculcated by the priests, that, without the authority of the Church, no one can know the Bible to be a revelation from God. That statement, continually inculcated by priests, and therefore generally believed by their adherents, makes the Bible to stand or fall with the infallibility of the Church: and when a Catholic finds out that the Church of Rome has inculcated false doctrines, as that each of the millions of wafers swallowed by Catholics becomes the *totus Christus*, whole body, blood, soul and divinity, and that this is proved by a lying miracle, the authority of the Church of Rome falls, and the book which rested on it must fall too.

All this the priests may see, but they cannot stop. Infallibility stereotypes their errors. Their

Church, having ordered the worship of Mary and of the wafer, must as infallibly adhere to it; and since half the world exclaims that both these acts of worship are idolatrous, miracles must be manufactured to defend them, or they will fall, and drag the priests down along with them. By these facts we may understand why priests must ever wish to perpetuate the ignorance of the people. If the Piedmontese generally knew the bible, they would see that it contradicts the tenets of the Church of Rome, the priests must therefore keep the Bible out of their hands; and if the people should become generally well educated, they would see that many Roman Catholic doctrines are against all common sense, therefore the priests must restrain their education. As the doctrines of the priests are against the Bible, they must hinder the people from reading it; and as these doctrines are against reason, they must hinder the people from learning to think.

But knowledge will grow. The people will have it, and the Piedmontese Government encourages them to get it. Hence a crisis is coming in Piedmont, when the people, finding out that they have been cheated by the priests, are likely to snap their chains. But there is danger that, while they are exposing falsehood, they may also renounce truth; and beginning to despise priest-

craft, they may also blaspheme Christ. This calamity may be averted by a general diffusion of the Scriptures, and by the multiplication of pure Churches in the midst of the Catholic population. If Catholics become acquainted with the scriptures, they will distinguish between religion and its counterfeits, and they will hold fast the apostolic Christianity of the New Testament while they reject the Catholic Christianity of Rome. If, likewise, evangelical churches, based upon the word of God, sound in doctrine and strict in discipline, composed of those whose creed and whose conduct show them to be true disciples of Jesus, multiply among them, these living churches will prove to them, not only that Christianity is still alive, but that it is pure, lovely, beneficent, and divine. So Italy may be saved, and so priests themselves may emerge from their cheerless slavery into the liberty of the Gospel. For these objects let English Christians zealously aid their brethren in Piedmont to circulate the scriptures and to plant evangelists in every part of the country.

Already the faithful ministry of M. Durand Canton has effected a change in his parish. Of the fifteen hundred and twenty-five Vaudois inhabitants, a large number now value his preaching, and M. Roussel's faithful sermon was well calculated to strengthen his hands.

After reaching St. Second, we returned by the way we came to La Tour, not sorry to exchange the rays of the burning sun for the light of the fire-flies which twinkled along our road.

Tuesday, the 25th, at seven o'clock, I ascended to St. Lawrence on a pony, and there met Mr. Combe, who had kindly promised to walk with me to the Pra del Tor. That walk affords views of surpassing beauty, and is crowded with interesting associations. By the same path I ascended seventeen years ago to a part of the Vachere where a few faithful brethren met for prayer. That day the sky poured out a deluge during the whole ascent of about three hours; nevertheless, on the grassy summit we found the large stable crowded, and many standing outside in the pelting rain. These were a few brethren whom the Lord had drawn to himself when nearly all the population of the valleys had fallen into indifference. Felix Neff had crossed the Col de la Croix, had preached in some of the Vaudois temples; God had blessed his labors to the conversion of a few persons, and these had nourished their faith and zeal, when almost all were faithless, by frequent meetings in cottages for reading and prayer. Disliked, insulted, and pelted even, by their ungodly neighbours, as Wesley and Whitfield, with their companions, were in England, and as the congregations of

the Free Church were lately in the Canton de Vaud, they were still sustained by grace. Once in the year they met, from all the valleys, on the Vachere for prayer; and much I enjoyed their simple and earnest prayers that day.

To preserve the recollection of that scene I wrote the following lines, which may give the reader a clearer idea both of the assembly and of the circumstances in which they met.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

WHERE, o'er a region bare and wild,
Of hills and rocks together piled,
A stormy waste, a frozen sea,
Mont Viso looks on Mont Cenis,
And thence a thousand torrents flow,
Hastening to meet the kingly Po,
There is a scene would well repay
The toil of many a weary day.
Wandering thro' meads and wild flowers sweet,
The Angrogna and Pelice meet;
And shadowing trees in silence seem
To list the music of the stream:
There San Giovanni's vineyards lie,
Mingling with shade of mulberry;
There, too, La Torre's church is seen,
Rising above its leafy skreen;
Near which Angrogna's hamlet peeps,
O'er woods through which its torrent leaps;
And every form of nature there,
Wood, rock, and stream, and summit bare,
All seem to bid the traveller rest;
For ne'er from tower or mountain crest,

In emerald vale or sunny plain,
Shall he behold such scene again.
But not the charms of earth or sky
Alone may fix the gazer's eye,
For round that scene lie thickly spread
Memorials of the heroic dead.
Where the bridge spans Angrogna's tide,
A rude road seeks the mountain side ;
Carnage hath clogged that rocky way,
Where superstition sought its prey ;
And curses, borne upon the gale,
Mingled with captive's answering wail,
When twice ten thousand banded men
Bore savage slaughter to each glen.
Upon the advancing plague looked out
From every cliff the Vaudois' scout ;
And every rock became a fort,
By valor kept in gallant sort,
Whence often burst the patriot band,
With force no numbers might withstand,
And, backward borne along each dell,
In shameful flight the invaders fell ;
And corpses heaped, and slaughter red,
Stained the wild torrent and its bed.
Above that torrent's ceaseless roar
Mont Vandalin shows its summit hoar,
Upon whose steep and rugged side
Has many a persecutor died,
In whose retreats the Vaudois game
Oft shelter found from hunter's aim.
Northward the experienced eye may view
The Infernal Alp, where, bold and true,
Those hunted peasants sought repose
'Midst roofless huts, on frozen snows ;
Then, like grim wolves, came down to steal
From plundering foes their evening meal ;

Or, spreading o'er the frightened plain,
Rifled their hoards of gathered grain;
Or, in deep night, when all was hushed,
As loosened crags they downward rushed,
And, like the eagle from the fold,
Bore back their booty to the hold.
Their panic-stricken murderers heard
In every breeze some signal word;
Near every rock or tree they saw,
Or seemed to see, the armed Vaudois:
No fort was safe, no path was clear
From visions of the mountaineer.
Advancing up the narrow path,
The traveller finds that sacred strath
Where often pressed, like stag at bay,
Struggling, in last and desperate fray,
The Vaudois beat Rome's bloodhounds back
With breathless speed o'er blood-stained track,
Till bigot murderers quailed before
The very name of Pra del Tor.
One sullen morn a stranger trod,
Through storm and mist that mountain-road:
He passed by many a home of love,
Bowered in its Spanish chesnut grove;
Above his way huge walnuts threw
Their heavy drops of gathered dew;
Till, passed each tree and bushy skreen,
He reached where not a shrub was seen;
But shepherds, 'midst the shivered rocks,
Give Alpine food to clambering flocks,
Then early drive them down below
From growing drifts of autumn snow.
Here was a wild, unmarked retreat,
Where hated brethren safe might meet;
No priest, no bigot monk was nigh,
No armed police, no Papal spy:

And tears were on the stranger's cheek,
When, by a *châlet* lone and bleak,
He saw the band of brethren met,
Beat by the tempest, cold, and wet.
For torrents burst from every cloud,
And Alpine storms were raging loud ;
And every brook was swelled to wrath ;
And deluged was each mountain path :
Yet up that mountain each had strained,
Each had the appointed *châlet* gained ;
That, met in their Redeemer's name,
They might his promised presence claim.
Angrogna sent its children forth ;
They gathered from the colder north ;
From *San Giovanni's* vineyards gay,
And from *La Torre* took their way ;
From where the bright *Clasone* laves
Perosa with its silver waves ;
From where *Maneille*, like eagle's nest,
Looks forth upon the *Guignevert's* crest ;
Where *Prali* midst its mountains lay ;
And from the cliffs of *Rodoret* ;
Where sparkling torrents wild and free,
Dash headlong from the *Col de Pis*,
Then foam the *Balsille* rock around,
The last retreat by *Arnaud* found,
When France and Spain in vain combined
To forge the fetters for his mind.
Long time the peasants guard their post
Against the overwhelming host ;
Then undismayed through darkness deep,
Down crag and precipice they creep ;
Climbed o'er the *Guignevert's* trackless snows,
To hide them from their baffled foes ;
And laid them down in Alpine glen,
Unvisited by feet of men.

From Rora, too, the brethren came,
Though dear to Christ, unknown to fame ;
And they who Rome's delusions spurn
Along the valley of Luserne.
In the rude stable dark and wide,
The brethren from the tempest hide ;
While their united prayer they raise,
And swell their hymn of solemn praise.
Beneath such roof, an infant mild,
The Saviour on his mother smiled ;
Such welcome did the world afford
To its Redeemer and its Lord.
Hid from their foes on stormy moor,
Those worshippers were few and poor ;
Yet pilgrims on the heavenward road,
Were heirs of bliss, and dear to God.
Not Milan's fane, not Peter's dome,
Not all the basilics of Rome,
Could to the eye of faith, compare
With that storm-beaten house of prayer.
Hired choristers, whose showy lays,
Mingle with hate of Him they praise—
And priests who serve with worldly guile
The temple, which their sins defile—
Actors, who play their mimic part
With lip-prayers and a prayerless heart,
Aided by music's solemn tone,
With gorgeous light and chiselled stone—
All these and every gift beside,
Offered by worldliness and pride,
Though praised by poet's glowing verse,
Deserve and win the Almighty's curse.
The hymn had ceased, the prayer was done,
Out burst at once, the conquering sun ;

And streams of welcome glory cast
O'er rugged peak, and herbless waste :
Such sunny moments often grow
From duteous toil in hours of woe.
Warm was the greeting then of those
Brethren amidst a world of foes :
No thought of care their peace might shade,
For every heart that day was glad ;
And prayer and joyful praise had chased
Each cloud, which o'er the soul had passed.
Now, sinking on each mountain's brow,
The boiling clouds retire below ;
And from the cloudy sea all bright
Issues each sun-lit snowy height.
While all the cliffs on either side
Poured forth to swell the torrent's pride,
Their thousand streams, to where the eye
Might the majestic Rous descry.
And now, the vapors rolled away,
In rosy light the valley lay ;
Each rocky spire, each dancing stream
Gave back the evening's golden gleam ;
And glistening woods and vales the while
Beneath the sunny radiance smile.
The stranger, at the close of day,
Much musing, took his downward way ;
And when with rapture in his eye
He gazed on that fair earth and sky,
He blessed the Lord, whose love hath given
Such comfort here, such bliss in heaven.

Since that time the gospel has made progress
in the valleys ; and at this day is as generally
preached in the temples, as it is respectfully

listened to by the people. With Mr. Combe I now ascended to a higher part, where the Vachere is sharpened into a narrow crest. Here one looks southwards upon the valley of Angrogna, beyond which rises the Vandalin, flanked on the east by Monte Viso, and on the west by the Rous and the Infernet; and northwards, we may see all the country between the valley of Angrogna and the valley of St. Martin, with more distant Alps between Mont Cenis and Monte Rosa. From that crest the Vaudois had often watched the motions of their enemies when their battalions were advancing along the Séa d'Angrogna; and along that green sward Catholic regiments had often marched when they were seeking to complete the ruin of the Vaudois by taking the Pradel Tor. We then descended to a rocky region termed Cassa, where a few determined and dauntless Vaudois have driven thousands back disheartened and panic-stricken. It was well adapted for defence. Above is a narrow and rocky crest, where also the Vaudois have at different times placed a barricade. Beneath that crest the rock is a precipice, overhanging a rough and narrow path, where masses of fallen rock would afford shelter to each sharpshooter defending the place. Upon that path may stones and rocks be showered from the crest above; and beneath it is a difficult ravine, covered with rocks fallen from above, which runs down to the precipices of the

Rocciailla. There, on Friday, Feb. 7, 1561, the Count della Trinita, at the head of four thousand men, was repulsed with considerable loss after a long day's hard fighting, his only consolation being to burn all the houses and barns of the beautiful valley as he retreated to La Tour. From Cassa we advanced to Bagnan, which is another strong post of a similar kind, to which the Vaudois, when defeated at Cassa, might retreat. But as both these natural fortresses may be avoided by an enemy crossing the top of the Vachere, where an open grassy plain descends to the cliffs of Rocciailla, the Vaudois constructed a considerable barricade, or rampart, across the whole of that open space. Below this inclined plain of grass rude and impracticable rocks extend to the Angrogna torrent: on the opposite bank of the torrent is also a precipice. But half-way down between the grassy level and the torrent there is a wild and narrow path, which I could see winding among the rocks at the edge of dizzy precipices; and at the foot of these precipices there is another narrow path at the very brink of the torrent. So that an enemy seeking to reach the Pra from the east, must either storm the upper rampart, or creep along a narrow ledge half-way up the Rocciailla, or force his way along the ordinary path at the brink of the torrent.

But further from that grassy level where the

rampart formerly stood, I could see the rude and steep shoulder of Mont Cervin, behind which is another path into the Pra, steep indeed, but practicable, over the Soiran. Looking also across the valley to the south, I could now see the line of a fifth path into the Pra, which, traversing the Costa Roussina, drops down into the upper part of the Pra, nearly opposite the path down the Soiran. Thus this fortress of the Vaudois, in which God has several times preserved their remnant when persecuted to extremity, was exceedingly strong. Towards its lower extremity it could only be approached by three very difficult paths from the east; and, towards its upper end, could be attacked from north and south by two paths only, both so steep and narrow that a few practised mountaineers could on either of them arrest an army.

Descending with Mr. Combe from the barricade into the Pra by a steep path, along each yard of which the mountaineers might make a stiff defence, I came to the foot of the Rocciailla. For about a quarter of a mile there is only a narrow path between the torrent and the precipice, and all along that path a cataract of rocks from above might crush an invading force. Repeatedly have all those paths been tried by large Catholic forces, and the Pra has never yet been taken. In 1488, Albert de Capitaneis, the Pope's Legate, armed with a Bull which devoted

the Vaudois, as venomous reptiles, to destruction, gathered eighteen thousand soldiers to destroy them. This army was twice defeated; once on the open grounds near Roccamanéot, where one of their chiefs, Le Noir, of Mondévi, as he lifted the vizor of his helmet to breathe, was struck between the eyes by an arrow from the bow of Peyret Revel, of Angrogna, which occasioned the defeat of his whole force; and a second time beneath the cliffs of Rocciailla, where, in the midst of the combat, a thick mist suddenly involving the combatants, so frightened the enemy that they fled in confusion; and many of them, among whom was one of their leaders, named Saquet, falling over the precipices, perished in the torrent.

A change in the weather, nearly as sudden and complete, gave fresh interest to a visit which I made to that valley in 1837, with two of my family, and my eldest son, then ten years old. We ascended the valley when a bright sun made the rich woods, the sparkling torrent, and even the bare rocks, radiant. So we reached the Pra; but while we were enjoying the unchanging natural beauties of the Vaudois stronghold, from which the traces of strife and carnage have passed away, black masses of clouds were gathering as so many battalions for a war in heaven, contrasting beautifully with the rich deep blue over which they rolled. A storm was announced by our

guides ; but though we hastened our departure, we had not passed the Rocciailla when it came down. The winds howled along the wild summits, the big rain-drops battered us as a Stau-bach, and the lightnings ran along the rocks. Above our heads, every rolling cloud was a blazing battery, every height was the field of an aerial battle, waking awful echoes, and the roar of the torrent answered to the roar of the skies. Nothing is more exhilarating than a wild tempest ; and when my little boy, whose white summer dress was drenched and transparent, urging his horse to a gallop along the rocky descent, laughed out in the gladness of his heart, I must own I was almost as delighted as he.

February 14th, 1561, the Count della Trinita, at the head of 4,000 men, attacked the Pra by three paths. The detachment which advanced by the ordinary path at the brink of the torrent was repelled by six men alone, at the rocks of Rocciailla. A large force, which poured down over the Vachere from Pramol, was met and defeated by the main body of the Vaudois at the barricades ; and the third division of the army, conducted by Count Charles Truchet, a noble of the valley of St. Martin, descending to the head of the Pra across the Soiran, was attacked gallantly by twenty-five Vaudois, who found them tottering down the steep descent, where they could scarcely stand. After a short time these twenty-five were

joined by their brethren who had just defeated the troops at the barricades, and all, after prayer to God, rushed on the enemy. These sought to flee. Among them Count Truchet, a cruel persecutor, was struck by a stone from a sling, and his head then severed from his body, while numbers of his detachment perished in their flight. That evening, the Pra, which all day long had witnessed the prayers of the poor families who expected to be massacred, resounded with their grateful praises to God. But the danger was only delayed. Monday, March 17, the Count, having by new levies raised his army to the number of 7,000 men, divided it into three columns. One, marching along the top of the Vachere, attacked the barricades; a second sought to force its way along the road by the torrent; and a third defiled along the narrow path which winds midway up along the precipices of Rocciailla. The Vaudois had formed a rampart across the lowest of the three roads, and valiantly repelled the attack at that point; but while thus engaged they observed a second column, which, having defiled by the middle path, where no Vaudois were stationed, had almost reached the Pra. At which sight nearly all left the rampart to repel this urgent danger, so that five men alone were left to resist hundreds at the rampart. But, when they were nearly overwhelmed, those who had routed the middle column returned just in time to save the

rampart on the lower road, and drove the enemy back in confusion. Meantime, the upper rampart at the barricades had been successfully defended, and the numerous forces which attacked it had been routed. At length Della Trinita, stung with vexation and shame, ordered a general retreat. Perhaps the reader will not be unwilling to strengthen his memory of this gallant defence of the Pra del Tor by reading the following lines, written on the occasion of my former visit to it in 1837 ?

THE PRA DEL TOR.

They are coming—o'er the cliffs,
By the path along the glen,
By the road of La Vachere—
Oh ! quit you then like men.
Like the furious summer torrent,
On its desolating way ;
Like the eagle from the clouds,
They are lighting on their prey.
By your children's pale cheeks,
From which fear the blood has driven,
By the terror of your wives
Who lift their arms to heaven,
By the aspect of the living,
By the memory of the dead,
Who here for the Gospel
Have often fought and bled,
Let your slings do your duty,
And forth your weapons draw ;
And let liberty or death
Be the word for each Vaudois !

Four days the foe has struggled
To gain that rocky hold ;
But the mountain path is rude,
And the mountaineer is bold ;
And the torrent has been dyed
With the richest blood of France,
And vain has been the battle-axe,
And broken is the lance.
Fierce Maugiron has fought
In many a bloody fray,
And met with gallant foes,
But ne'er with such as they.
Seven thousand men-at-arms,
Though practised well in war,
Are baffled by that band
That guard the Pra del Tor.
Oh ! shame upon their manhood !
They could massacre the weak,
Lay desolate the fields,
Leave the villages a wreck ;
But that handful of the brave
Shall beat them back again,
Though Piedmont be united
With the hosts of France and Spain.
Ye have fought throughout the day,
Ye have watched throughout the night,
And weary are your limbs
With the watching and the fight ;
But the baffled French are furious,
The Spanish force is here :
Now be bold, now be steadfast,
Every loyal mountaineer ;
And die in the field,
Ere you yield us up a prey
To the monks of Pignerol,
And the Count de Trinité.

How gleams that spear-forest !
How wildly they rush on !
Ours are moveless as the rock—
Well done !—hurra !—well done !
Like a wave on the beach,
Which has spent its foaming wrath,
What heaps are lying dead
Along that bloody path !
Yet still they onward press :
Can ours the pass maintain ?
Brave Angereau is wounded,
And Peltier is slain.
Now they press on our defenders ;
The pass is nearly won ;—
Alas ! for our children !
But 'tis not the time to moan.
Now, wives of the Vaudois,
Ye must have the chamois' feet ;
For the snow-peaks and the cliffs
Must be your last retreat.
Climb swiftly, or your babes
Will welter in their gore ;
For a moment, and the Spaniard
Will have the Pra del Tor.
No, no !—it will not be ;
The righteous cause will win ;
And never o'er our valleys
Will reign the Man of Sin.
See, the Spaniard is daunted,
He is fronted by the spear ;
Our bowmen are above him,
And are playing on the rear.
They fall like leaves of autumn ;
They are crushed beneath the blocks
Which (a cataract of granite)
Are thundering down the rocks.

They reel—they retire—

Our men have forced them back
O'er the corpses of their comrades,
That clog their fatal track.

See, they turn! see, they flee!

But they ne'er shall see again
The villages they love,
And the vine-clad hills of Spain.
As the snows of Etna melt

Before its lava stream,
Their regiments dissolve;
They vanish like a dream.

But hundreds are laid low,
And loud will be the wail
For the soldiers of the faith

At Rome and at Versailles.
When they tortured at the stake
Marcellin and sister Jane,

Cartinian, and the pastors
Of Méane and St. Germain,
When our granaries were plundered,
When our houses were their prey,
When we saw Rora burn,

With Villaro and Tagliaret,
And when the naked mountains
Were become our only hope,

Did they think to chase us hence,
Or enslave us to the Pope?

They looked for the marmot,
But they found the lion there;
And woe to the intruders

That have roused him from his lair!
Now they trample down each other;

Terror urges on their flight;
And they plunge into the torrent,
And they leap the dizzy height.

Yet stay the arm of vengeance,
And from the chase withdraw ;
For ne'er must needless carnage
Stain the arms of the Vaudois.
Now thanks to our Preserver,
Who gives victory to the weak ;
On the spot where we have triumphed
We will his praises speak :
'T was dear to us already,
But dearer than before,
To us and to our children,
Will be this Pra del Tor.

Della Trinita was equally unsuccessful when, on the 19th of April, he again attacked the Pra by the path over the Vachere, by the road along the valley, and by the path which traverses Tailaret and the Costa Roussina. This latter column was seen by the Vaudois scouts, in time to be met by six men on a narrow ledge over a precipice, while six others mounted on the rocks above their heads. It was impossible for the column to force its way against the fire of these six in front; and the six above now rolled down fragments of rock, which, striking the soldiers one after another, hurried them over the precipice. At this the whole column fled; and the two other divisions at the Vachere, and at the torrent, seeing the column on the Costa Roussina routed, on which their main hopes had rested, retired. Again God had delivered his persecuted servants, and again the Pra resounded with his praises.

Della Trinita had done his worst; the Papal army was wholly discouraged; and these successive victories won for the Vaudois an honorable peace. There is something exceedingly impressive in passing under these rocks, which have witnessed such deeds of heroism, and have so well defended a persecuted people. Victories such as those described above are sometimes represented as miraculous; but they were accomplished by means which were strictly natural, and which were adequate to account for them. Nor must we forget that, under similar circumstances, brave Roman Catholic mountaineers have been as successful as the Vaudois. In proof of this, let us recal the defeat of 10,000 French and Bavarians by the Tyrolese in the Upper Innthal, in 1809, which has been thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in the sixth volume of his "Life of Napoleon :"—

"A division of 10,000 men, belonging to the French and Bavarian army, entered the Upper Innthal, or valley of the Inn. The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the river Inn, there a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhang both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as Prutz, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were therefore induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass,

where the precipices, becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close above their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ears of the soldier, and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a hazy mist, no human forms showed themselves. At length the voice of a man was heard calling across the ravine, 'Shall we begin?' 'No,' was returned in an authoritative tone of voice, by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the general for orders; when presently was heard the terrible signal, 'In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!' Huge rocks, and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed, while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter with swords, spears, axes, scythes, clubs, and all other rustic instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached Prutz, was obliged to surrender, very few of the 10,000

invaders are computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass."

Passing by the village of Bonnenuit, I ascended with Mr. C. to La Serre, and then came to St. Laurence. No spot in the valleys affords more interesting recollections. Placed about 500 feet above the torrent, it has fine air and enchanting views. It is shaded by extensive groves of Spanish chesnut and walnut. Here and there grassy lawns, on some swell of the mountain-side, emerge from the leafy shade, and look bright in the sunshine. A little money and a little care would make some of these like Edens; and on these sunny slopes the rose, jessamine, and lavender would blossom side by side with geraniums and verbena, with the carnation and the heliotrope.

In these lovely scenes how many interesting events have taken place. Near this spot, at Chanforans, Sept. 12, 1532, William Farel, the ardent and successful colleague of Calvin, with his friend Anthony Saunier, met the Synod of the Vaudois, when six days were spent in solemn discussion, from which meeting began a great revival of their Churches. There, in 1555, John de Broc, regent of the school, seeing a crowd assembled, who could not get into the house of the pastor, preached to them in the open air, which was the first instance of *public* worship in the valleys. At this spot, in that same year, was

built the first temple ever raised in the valleys for the service of God; and there it stands still, that self-same temple which has witnessed so many triumphs of grace, and so many scenes of Papal fury. It is a plain, solid, oblong building, with a middle aisle, and two side aisles. Each of these side aisles is separated from the middle by three solid pillars, sustaining three arches. It has no architectural beauty, but its history makes it venerable. Stephen Noel, a French pastor, of whom Gilles says, that he was gifted with singular piety and learning (*doué de singulière piété, érudition, et réputation*), was chosen to be pastor of Angrogna in 1555, and was the first minister who preached in this temple. To that temple, at Easter, 1556, Count St. Julian and Della Chiesa, Commissioners of the Parliament at Turin, brought a crowd of nobles, priests, and monks; when a monk was put up to preach before the pastors and people. After the sermon the crowd demanded that one of their pastors might be permitted to answer him. Instead of which St. Julian menaced them with total destruction if they did not conform to the Church of Rome. Whereat they answered, that they were resolved to live according to the word of God. There, when the Vaudois were attacked in 1560, by the Count Della Trinita, at the head of four thousand men, Thomas Giacomello, Grand Inquisitor, with the Prior of St. John, spent the whole morning

of Saturday, November 2, in endeavouring to persuade Stephen Noel and his parishioners that Della Trinita wished for peace; while, at the same instant, he was marching with his army up the valley to destroy them. Of this Giacomello, Gilles says, that he was esteemed a cruel apostate, an infamous profligate, and insatiably rapacious (cruel apostat, paillard infâme, et insatiable ravisseur des biens). That worthy champion of the Church in this very temple spent a whole morning seeking to make the people of Angrogna believe a lie, to their ruin. There, too, on Sunday, November 10, 1560, Della Trinita, with part of his army, made a priest celebrate mass; and then, pretending to wish for peace, induced the Syndics to guide him to the Pra del Tor, that he might notice by what means he might attack it. Near that spot, a little higher up the mountain, a body of his soldiers surrounded the house of Stephen Noel, who was only saved from their violence by the decision and courage of his parishioners. There, too, when afterwards victorious, he burned the village, and tried to burn the temple, which still subsists: and here, that day, in that very temple, the first ever built in the valleys, the temple where Stephen Noel, a friend of Calvin, had preached, where monks had sought to deceive, and commissioners and generals to terrify the people, did Mr. Roussel preach to them the Gospel. Although the people are very poor, and

the day was hot, although the labors of harvest are very arduous, and the distances along which a people so scattered had to toil were great; the temple was well filled, above one hundred and fifty having gathered that afternoon; and as we descended the valley, an elderly man, delighted with what he had heard, said to me, "Quel homme le bon Dieu nous a envoyé." But that valley is not without its faults. Drunkenness is not uncommon; and many of the inhabitants are so litigious, that, although they are poor, they lose thousands of francs annually by law suits against each other. May Mr. Gay, the pious pastor, lately appointed, soon see a considerable change, through the blessing of God, on his faithful ministry. The valley, also, though of surpassing loveliness, holds many sorrows within its chesnut bowers, or on its romantic rocks. The poor people are worn out with exhausting toil; their food is scanty; and their labors are often dangerous. While I was admiring the successive scenes of beauty which each turn in the path displayed, we met a peasant, who told us that a young man, of a village whose houses I saw peeping over a huge precipice, had, when gathering his hay that morning, slipped with it, rolled over the precipice, and been literally dashed to pieces. "Such accidents," said Mr. Combe, "are not uncommon; my own mother slipped when making hay and broke her leg, by rolling

down the declivity." When a stranger passing through these valleys sees a peasant reaping or mowing up in the clouds, on the brink of a precipice, he can easily believe that such accidents must frequently occur.

After dinner, on Wednesday, 26th, we walked to St. John, which is about a mile from La Tour, taking some bye-paths through the vineyards and shady lanes, instead of enduring the dust and sun along the carriage road. Mr. Bonjour, the pious pastor of that place, welcomed us cordially. Here, seventeen years ago, I joined with several of the pastors of the valleys in prayer for their churches. The ministry of Mr. Bonjour is said to have borne fruit: and I heard it asserted that there are more pious persons at St. John than in any other Vaudois parish. This may also be ascribed, in part, to the influence of a few Christians, who were here brought to Christ by the preaching and conversation of Felix Neff, at the time when a very worldly minister was the pastor of the parish. These persons, after Neff's departure, though denounced by the pastor, despised by the unconverted, and even harassed by petty vexations, maintained their faith; and still met for mutual edification and prayer. In this parish, seventeen years ago, I attended one of their meetings, in a farm-house; and was much edified by their piety. Their fidelity, patience, and good conduct has, doubtless, influenced many, and God

has answered their prayers. From the windows of the presbytery one looks out upon Luserne, and the Lusernettes in their sea of verdure. Mountains of rich wood rise behind them, and on either side; while over these the rocky summits of the Rumella and the Frioland, worthy rivals of Monte Viso, were reddening in the western sun. Mr. Roussel preached an awakening sermon, from Matt. xxvi., comparing the fidelity of Jesus with the fall of Peter; the one accompanied with so much prayer, the other with prayerless presumption. He then accused the careless of living unpardoned and unsanctified, because they did not pray. About two hundred persons were present. How different the scene at St. John, on this, July 26, 1854, to that, at the same place, July 26, 1560, when the Most Rev. Anthony Possevino commissioner of the Duke of Savoy, was sent with letters patent, to establish Catholic preachers in the valleys, and to silence the Vaudois pastors. That 26th of July, he summoned the pastors and leaders of the Vaudois to meet him in the temple of St. John (which was then outside the parish), where he essayed to convert them to the mass, with arguments so weak, that the pastors replied to them on the spot. At this Possevino began to abuse them with unmeasured violence; adding, "I am not come to dispute with you, but to drive you away, and to place other preachers in your room." After which, he

ordered the Syndics of Angrogna, Bobbi, Villar, and Rora, to dismiss their ministers, and receive Papal preachers; upon pain of being punished for disobedience, according to the edicts published on that behalf. That done, he went off in great heat to court, where he stirred up the Duke to secure, by fire and sword, that victory over the heretics, which he knew not how to win by argument. Yet neither priestly nor ducal violence have prevailed. Then the Vaudois might have no temple in St. John: now a large temple occupies the centre of the parish. Then the Vaudois pastors were to be dismissed: now, even French or English ministers may preach without molestation. Even a few years since, though the Vaudois of the parish were about 1797, and the Catholics were only about 141, the Vaudois were obliged to erect a screen along the whole front of their temple, that the Catholic priest might not be annoyed by seeing the Vaudois congregation enter it. Now the screen has vanished. God has rewarded the patience of his servants with liberty; and calls them to use it for his glory.

Thursday, the 27th, at half-past three o'clock, ascending the valley of Luserne, some distance towards Villar, I then crossed the Envers de La Tour, a wooded mountain which separates La Tour from Rora. Few sights are more beautiful than the clear and cloudless morning light upon mountains, when every bold and sharp projection

throws its shadow distinctly on some neighbouring height; while distant crags, a day's journey off, seem near enough to be climbed in an hour. In such a light, both the valley of Luserne and the valley of Rora, with all their sheltering mountains, made a glorious panorama, when I stood on the grassy summit of the Envers de La Tour. Thence, after breakfasting beneath a Spanish chesnut-tree, I climbed to another part of the same mountain, and having met with an intelligent farmer, named Silvaggio, I followed him to the entrance of a cave, which must have been a retreat of the ancient Vaudois. Its mouth, about three feet high, is hidden by low brushwood, and no path leads by it. It is also deep, for Silvaggio had explored it for about one hundred yards without finding an end. That it was used by the ancient Vaudois seems to me plain, from the fact that, though the interior is natural, the mouth is an artificial passage formed of masonry; and it is like the cave of Janavel, which I shall presently describe. Near it is a massive promontory, called the Brouard, whence we may look east and west along the whole valley of Luserne. Here, doubtless, stood some weeping Vaudois, the 24th of April, 1653, when, from the opposite rock of Castelluzzo, the signal was given, by order of the Marquis of Pianezza, to his army of 15,000 men, to effect a general massacre. "Some of the poor Vaudois," says Leger, "stood on the tops of the

hills and safe places, whence they could see the enemy ravaging the plain beneath." Infants dragged from the arms of their mothers were torn to pieces, or were dashed against the rocks; numbers of men and women were burned in their houses, or hacked to pieces, or tied up as balls and rolled down the rocks; and numbers were mutilated in every conceivable manner. Their flesh, eyes, ears, tongues, fingers, hands, and feet, being cut off for the sport of their murderers. Women were cut open, filled with powder, and thus blown to pieces, or were impaled alive on poles and set up to die in torture; and one girl, of ten years old, after being spitted alive, was then roasted. Some persons were flayed alive, and their skins hung up to dry; some had their bowels torn out; some had their breasts cut off; some were fastened to trees, and then had their heart and lungs cut out. One was stuck with poignards, his nails were torn from his fingers, he was then dragged by a mule, with his head striking against the ground; and at last his head was compressed with a cord till his eyes started from their sockets. Women, as well as men, had their bowels torn out, and were then left to die on the snow. Other women had their noses, fingers, toes, hands, and feet, cut off, after which they were left, like the others, to die on the snow. Some had their skin cut in slips over their bodies, till they were covered from head to foot

with floating ribands of skin, and then they were left to die of thirst. One had a hole made in his foot, by which he was fastened to the tail of a mule, and, being thus dragged through the streets of Luserne, was stoned to death. One, after receiving many wounds from a dagger, was dragged with a cord through Luserne, while a Catholic on one side continued to strike him with a club, and another on the other side cut off pieces of his flesh with a cutlass. Another had his eyes pulled out, and then, having been skinned alive, was so left to die. Two women were fastened to a cart, were pierced with halberds, were then stoned, and finally were thrown into the river. One man, when wounded by a musket-ball, had all the flesh of his face carved off, and so he was left to die. Numbers were killed by being baked in heated ovens. Some, after their mouths and throats were filled with powder, had their heads blown up. One was stretched and fastened naked upon a quantity of gunpowder, as on a bed, and when a fresh supply had been spread over him, like a black pall, was thus blown up. One was beaten to death with a hammer. One, after other torture, had matches fastened to his fingers, ears, lips, and other parts of his body, by which he was burned slowly to death. Many were crowded in prisons with the putrifying bodies of their companions, to die by the contagion. Leger does not mention the num-

ber who perished thus ; but he found the bodies of 150 women and children belonging to Tagliaret alone.

The whole population of the valley of Luserne vanished ; and when the people had been murdered, the soldiers burnt to the ground every village, house, barn, and stable, leaving nothing but the village of Villar, which was reserved for the Irish Catholics, who were among the most active in the murders of that day. That carnage and those flames were the spectacle presented that day to any of the Vaudois who were then standing on the Brouard, where I now stood.

In the infliction of these tortures on the Vaudois, the Catholics had exceeded their commission. The injunctions of the Holy Father, Innocent VIII., to his children, are as follows :—“ Nos, hujusmodi sectam detestabilem evellere et radicitus extirpare cupientes, omnes conatus nostros adhibere decrevimus.” “ We, wishing to pluck up and utterly to destroy a detestable sect of this kind, have determined to employ all our efforts.” For this purpose he appoints Albert de Capitaneis, his nuncio, &c., with the duty, “ instantissime requirendi universos archiepiscopos et episcopos, &c., eisque in virtute sanctæ obedientiæ mandandi ut . . . adversus Valdenses prædictos, et alios quoscunque hæreticos armis insurgant, eosque veluti aspides venenosos conculcent ; et ad eorundem hæreticorum tam sanctam tamque per

necessariam exterminationem adhibeant omnes conatus." Further, he is to require and command all princes, lords, and other faithful Catholics, "Ut adversus eosdem nefandissimos hæreticos, pro defensione fidei, se ardentè opponant, et illos exterminare procurent." Thus bishops are enjoined by the Holy Pontiff "to rise in arms against the Vandois and all other heretics; to crush them as venomous serpents; and to use all efforts for the sacred and necessary object of their extermination." While Catholic kings and all other Catholics are ordered "ardently to oppose these wicked heretics, and to secure that they be exterminated."* From these injunctions it is clear that Catholics, who respect the authority of the Pontiff as the Vicar of Christ and their infallible head, are bound to exterminate heretics, but they are not bound to torture them. Pianezza and his soldiers were certainly chargeable with an excess of zeal; and, at this day, if a bull of the Pope is to Catholics what a letter from St. Paul is to us, they may be bound to "crush us as venomous snakes," but they are not enjoined by his apostolic authority, like Pianezza, to pull out our eyes, or to blow up our heads.

Returning to the crest of the Envers de la Tour, I stretched myself upon the grass to enjoy the views. The sun had now withdrawn; black

* The whole bull is printed in Leger's "History of the Vaudois Churches."

clouds first covered the head of the Vandalin and all the other mountains, then descended upon their breasts, then rolled far down in the valley; and at length a storm of thunder and rain burst from these mustered masses, which forced me to take shelter in the house of the Pastor Morell, but not before I had examined the position of the village with reference to its history. From the top of the mountain I had a lovely view of the rich and romantic valley, with the majestic crags of the Frioland behind it; and there it lay like the chosen abode of piety and peace: but how many times it has been tormented by the priests and their adherents. In the year 1561, when it was attacked by the Count Della Trinita, it had eighty families, containing perhaps 400 persons. At that time its inhabitants twice repulsed the enemy, who ascended by the road along the valleys. The third day the village was taken by means of strong detachments which had crossed the Frioland on the south and the highest part of the Envers de Villar on the north, co-operating with the main body which advanced from below. Thus it was surrounded: but when the inhabitants were hard pressed, both east and west, both from below and from above, they were saved by a small Vaudois band, called the flying company, which, crossing the Envers de la Tour at the point where I stood, kept the path up this latter mountain open, and checked the assailants so effectually

that nearly the whole population escaped over its crest to Villar; but their village was destroyed.

In the year 1655 their sufferings were more severe. On April 24th, the day of the general massacre, they had not been forgotten by the Marquis Pianezza, who had despatched 400 soldiers to treat them as his army treated their brethren in the valley of Luserne. The parish then contained twenty-five families only; but Janavel, a brave Vaudois, perceiving the murderers in time, hastily gathered six men, and, posting himself at a place where the path was narrow, defeated them, so that fifty of them were left dead on the road, and the rest fled.

The next day, with eighteen men, he repulsed 600, who were ascending the valley by another path. The next day, when 800 men ascended the valley by different paths, burning every house as they advanced, and met so as to form one body close to the village, he charged them with such impetuosity that a third time they were completely defeated. The fourth day a larger force was ordered to attack the village, and was defeated with greater loss. But three days afterwards the Marquis employed no less than 8,000 soldiers, with 2,000 Catholic peasants, to reduce it. These were divided into three bodies, which approached it by three different ways; and, while Janavel was engaged with one division, two others took possession of the village, when 126 persons,

chiefly women and children, perished by various tortures, and the village was burnt to the ground. After the massacre, Janavel found his little boy, eight years old, who had escaped in the confusion; carried him on his shoulders, across Alpine snows and crags, into the valley of Queyras; and then returned to defend his country. But his wife and three daughters had fallen into the hands of the Catholics, to the joy of the Marquis, who, hoping to subdue his constancy, through his fears on their behalf, wrote thus:—

“I exhort you, for the last time, to renounce your heresy, which is your only means of recovering the favor of his Royal Highness, or of saving the lives of your wife and daughters, who are my prisoners. If you are obstinate, I shall commit them to the flames. As for you, I mean to put such a sum on your head, to be paid to any one who shall deliver you up, alive or dead, that if you have the devil within you, you shall not escape; and if I can seize you alive, there are no torments with which your rebellion shall not be punished.”

To this letter Janavel replied:—

“There are no torments, however cruel,—there is no death, however barbarous, which I do not prefer to abjuring my religion; from which your menaces are so far from turning me, that they only confirm me in it. If you shall commit my wife and my daughters to the flames, these can

but consume their poor bodies ; their souls I commend to God, as I do my own, should it please him to permit that I fall into your hands or into those of the murderers whom you employ."

After innumerable hardships, marvellous escapes, and a series of brilliant exploits, Janavel lived to see his countrymen once more in the peaceable possession of their valleys.

When the thunder-storm was over, I walked with Mr. Morell some distance along a path which descends the valley midway between the torrent and the crest of the mountain. It winds among rocks and precipices, which would make it hard for any number of assailants to force their way along it. The lower path also descends so abruptly from the village, with rocks above it on one side, and precipices below it on the other, that a few men, resolute and well armed, could easily defend it, as Janavel did, against a large force. Here Mr. Roussel joined me in the afternoon, and in the evening preached to a large congregation, an excellent sermon from Luke xxiii. 42, 43 ; especially dwelling on the difference between the penitent thief and the impenitent, and showing the impossibility that our sins can be forgiven without a full acknowledgment of them. The pastor, Mr. Morell, was very friendly, but I regretted to see that his health, which was delicate, manifestly impaired his pastoral energies. The evening lights upon these romantic

ravines were charming ; and, though the last part of our way was in darkness, the road was good, and we enjoyed the cool night breeze, with the murmur of the torrents, till we reached our village inn. No one who visits the valleys should miss the beautiful scenery of Rora.

Friday, 28th, we visited the site of the Castle of La Tour. Scarcely any position could be more beautiful. Placed at the foot of a spur of the Vandalin, on a conical, wooded hill, it has round it a charming panorama. North-west are rich hanging woods far up the mountain-side, over which towers the summit of the Vandalin. Opposite are the wooded heights of the Envers de la Tour ; between these mountain barriers the eye penetrates, towards the south-west, the rich valley of Luserne ; to the north it ascends the richer valley of Angrogna, backed by the graceful outline of the Vachere ; and then, passing over the heights of St. John, clothed with their trellised vines and mulberries, we look eastwards over the shining course of the Pelice and the verdant plains of Piedmont. How can a human being look on such a scene and not love God ? How can a man love God and not love his fellow-creatures ? Yet there, when what is now vineyard was a busy court-yard, and when the thick walls of the castle defied the Vaudois population round it, the garrisons under Bauster, Castrocaro, and others, generation after generation, tormented the inno-

cent inhabitants of these valleys. Captain Joseph Bauster, at the close of the year 1560, having taken two men of Taillaret, Odoul Geimet and John Geimet, permitted his soldiers to murder Odoul Geimet, who was sixty years old; and then strangled John Geimet, who was a pious youth, with his own hands, for no other crime than his adherence to the gospel.

In the evening, some of the pastors drank tea with us, from whom we learned that most of the Vaudois families have bibles; but that they have few religious books and tracts. We had much conversation on the state of the Vaudois churches, and upon the duty of diffusing the gospel in Piedmont.

Saturday morning, I climbed the Envers de La Tour, with Mr. Tron, who has a class at the college, and is a sensible and pious man. On this occasion I crossed the mountain at a more eastern point than before, and descended to the house of Janavel. In the cellar beneath the house is a narrow cave or passage running horizontally into the rock, the termination of which is not known. The mouth is formed by masonry, just as that which I saw near the Brouard: further on, the passage is cut in the solid rock; and on the surface, not far from the mouth, is engraved, "G. G., 1660." There we breakfasted. The owner was good-tempered and obliging, invited us to sit down, and brought us fresh milk: but

her house was untidy and dirty, though she was possessed of cows, and obviously, from the size of the house and from some of its utensils, was not extremely poor. I am obliged to acknowledge that, in this respect, the people in general seem to me defective. Their dwellings might be much neater, both without and within. After breakfast, we again crossed the crest of the mountain, and descended nearly opposite to Villar, by a path which answers exactly to that which the fugitives of Rora pursued when, under the protection of the Flying Company, in 1561, they retreated to Villar, while their village was being plundered and burned by the Catholics. Saturday afternoon, we walked to Luserne, and, by the kindness of a priest who was known to the regent of La Tour, were admitted into the gardens of the Marquis d'Angrogna. The great gate to his house is evidently very old. On the entablature above it is an old suit of armour crossed by lances, and over them this inscription, "*Lucerna pedum meorum verbum tuum Domine*"—a motto which the ancestor of the present marquis forgot, when, in 1650, he crowded the innocent and pious Vaudois in his dungeons, and, as they died off, made the survivors to live in hot weather in the midst of the putrid corpses of their dead companions. The garden is not well kept; but orange-trees in tubs, oleanders, geraniums, and the sweet verbena, with other exotics, make it pleasant, and

it is connected with a meadow, from which is a beautiful view of the opening of the valley of Rora.

Sunday, 30th, Mr. Roussel preached at ten o'clock to a large congregation at Bobbi, which is about six miles from La Tour; and in the afternoon, at three o'clock, at Villar, where the temple was also full. At this latter place, his subject was the prodigal son. He dwelt much on the necessity of confessing our sins, and then on the freeness of pardon. The sermon was evidently felt by many. I regret that this was the only visit which I was able to pay to these two places. Both have much historical interest. Near Bobbi is Sibaud, where the Vaudois of the three valleys, and those of the valley of Pragela, by their deputies, swore to defend each other to the last in the maintenance of their evangelical creed. Both Bobbi and Villar have been the scenes of hard fighting and intense suffering. Again and again have Catholic armies overflowed them like a torrent of lava; and yet the gospel has again taken root and flourished in them. I should have liked, too, to have seen more of Mr. Revel, the moderator, who is the pastor of Bobbi; and more, too, of Mr. Gay, then the pastor of Villar, now of Angrogna, who is said to be a faithful and useful man. But our engagements permitted no other visit. In the evening I addressed about a hundred persons in the school of St. Margaret,

where Mr. Malan, also, who presided over the meeting, spoke and prayed.

At nine o'clock on Monday, July 31, we found the temple of Chabas crowded. Many children had been gathered from La Tour and the neighbourhood, but, besides them, there were many young persons present, with several of the pastors. Mr. Roussel and I addressed the children, who were very attentive. May God still bless what was spoken that morning, to draw their young hearts to the Redeemer. The temple has no architectural pretensions; but the view from the lawn in front of it is beautiful as a poet's dream. It looks upon the hanging woods which inclose La Tour, with all the mountains which shelter them, from the Rumella to the Vandalin; and fancy can scarcely ask for any scene more lovely than that, as we saw it under the bright eastern sun.

At three o'clock we bade adieu to La Tour, took the omnibus to Pignerol, and then went on to St. Germain in a pony-chaise. Our evening drive along the banks of the Clusone, into the valley of Perouse, lay through a lovely country. But war and violence have been there. The mountains which lay on the right bank of the river are all Vaudois; but for generations not one Vaudois might purchase land, or even dwell, on the left bank along which we were travelling. We saw St. Bartholomew, perched on its wooded heights,

looking like Eden ; but along the whole of these luxuriant slopes did the murderous troop of the neighbouring abbey of Pignerol plunder the Vaudois of their property, or seize them, and carry them to the abbey, or to Pignerol, to be fined, tortured, or burnt. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the region of wooded knolls in which stands the village of Turine, by which we next passed : but that village is defaced by Catholic superstition ; and there, about the 31st of July, 1573, five innocent Vaudois, who had been seized by the troops of Charles de Birague near St. Germain, were hanged, because they would not desert their faith. The pastor, Mr. Bonjour, brother of the pastor of St. John, received us with much hospitality, and reminded me that, seventeen years before, he had similarly received me, with my wife and niece, at the mountain village of Maneille, of which he was then pastor. The evening of our arrival we were also serenaded till midnight by a band of Catholic musicians, who had gathered, not to do us honor, but to honor St. Germain, the patron-saint of the place. As we ascended the little hill on which the village stands, four three-cornered hats before us announced that the priests were busy there. They had met to do honor to the saint on the day of his fête : but the Vaudois population of St. Germain, amounting to 857, take no interest in the proceedings ; and the 154 Catholics, even by

the aid of the priests and the musicians, could not give much éclât to the fête, nor much indispose the Vaudois inhabitants to listen to the gospel.

At seven o'clock the next morning the temple was almost full. About 300 had gathered to hear Mr. Roussel preach. After his sermon, which was from Luke xxiii. 34, in which he contended that their sins were probably greater than those of the Roman soldiers, because they had more knowledge, he showed that there is a free forgiveness. There were many tears; and, after the service, an old man rose in the midst of the temple, and begged of the pastor permission to speak. When it was granted, he heartily thanked Mr. Roussel for his sermon, in the name of the congregation, and prayed that it might be followed by the divine blessing. When he sat down, Mr. Bonjour said that the old man had only spoken the sentiment of the entire congregation, and he hoped that they all would be improved by what they had heard. There was evidently a great impression made upon many; and Mr. Roussel was, some days later, earnestly requested to come to them again. May both pastor and people enjoy the supplies of grace, of which they seemed that day so desirous!

No one who knows their history can visit the people of St. Germain without some emotion. During July and August, 1573, they were incessantly harassed by French troops, under Charles

de Birague, the French governor at Pignerol, who had commanded them to renounce their public worship; and who resolved to compel them to obey him. Bravely did they adhere to their faith under the ministry of their pious pastor, Francis Guerin; and, with the aid of their brethren from Angrogna, they beat off the French troops; by which they eventually secured their liberty of worship.

Of all the enemies of the Vaudois, the monks of the powerful abbey of Pignerol were the most bitter; and of all the Vaudois parishes St. Germain, which is not more than a league distant, was the nearest. Upon this the monks poured their wrath most frequently and furiously. When they raised a troop of three hundred soldiers to aid in the destruction of the Vaudois in 1560, the troop tormented the village of St. Germain more than any other. These hired brigands robbed them of their property, devastated their fields, and dragged them to the abbey, where they were confined, plundered, or burnt. Among others they got into their power Mr. Jehan, the pastor of St. Germain. Having seized him, by means of an apostate whom they had bribed for that end, they beat off his parishioners, who came out to defend him, and carried some with him prisoners to the abbey. There the monks used every effort to make him renounce the gospel; but, as he remained firm, he was burnt at a slow

fire, and some of the poor women who were in their power were forced to heap fresh faggots on the fire which was consuming him. But St. Germain has not always had pastors as faithful as Guerin and Jehan. When Felix Neff visited them in 1825, he made the following record of his visit:—"We visited the pastor. He is a man whose manners are simple; but he has so little life, that we could scarcely speak to him of spiritual things. Blanc preached at nine o'clock, on regeneration. I continued his subject in the afternoon; and I made my hearers open their eyes, when I declared to them, not only that they were not regenerate, but that they had perhaps never seen any one who was so. . . . The people seemed to us of an afflicting levity and carelessness." ("Letters," ii., 45.) And June, 1827, he added:—"I have just learned that a young girl of Queyras, who was well disposed, has seen the pastor Monnet at St. Germain, who spoke to her of me and of my principles in a manner so disadvantageous, that she appears now to be ashamed of Jesus Christ and of his disciples." ("Letters," ii., 194.) All churches tend to decay; and there, where a brave and faithful man had chosen to be burnt at a slow fire rather than desert the gospel, another pastor spoke against an excellent minister of Jesus Christ, who surpassed almost all men of this century in spiritual experience, and in devoted labors. That unenlightened man spread

the darkness of his ministry over the people of St. Germain for many years, and the people must feel the effects to this day. May the friendly pastor, who welcomed us so kindly, receive all the grace which he needs to lead on his parishioners in the way of life !

From St. Germain we walked to Pramol. Ascending the valley of the Rusillard by a rough path on the left bank of that torrent, we soon came to a sharp turn of the path, where rocks above, and precipices below, down to the torrent's edge, point out a place easy to be defended against a superior force. When, on April 26, 1686, a division of the army of Catinat was ordered to dislodge the Vaudois from St. Germain, about 1,200 men, under Colonel de Villevielle, drove 200 Vaudois to their barricades at this spot ; but there meeting an obstinate resistance, which lasted ten hours, lost about 500 of their number, and were driven by the victorious mountaineers across the Clusone. Now, instead of shouts of battle, we could hear nothing but the murmur of the transparent water leaping from rock to rock ; and after an agreeable walk of about an hour, we reached the elevated village of Pramol. This parish has 1,257 Vaudois, and 157 Catholics. The large oval temple is visible far off on every side ; and close to it, as usual in these Vaudois parishes, stands the Catholic church. There is much to interest strangers in this parish. The scenery is

different to all the others. The village stands about 1,200 feet above St. Germain, in an open country. Higher mountains shelter it to the west, north, and south, and the whole country sinks eastward down to the cliffs which overhang the Clusone. It has much cultivated land, but is so cold that its vegetation is three weeks behind La Tour, and no fruits, except some bad cherries, will ripen in its fields and gardens; but it seems cheerful and healthy, and must be an excellent retreat from the heat of an Italian summer. Here was born the brave Jayer, the worthy companion of Janavel, of whom Leger, who knew him well, has said:—"He was a great captain, who showed great zeal for the service of God, without even being shaken by promises or threats; with the courage of a lion, and yet humble as a lamb; rendering always to God alone the praise for his victories; extremely versed in the holy scriptures, and a man of much talent."

Here, too, was the scene of one of the feats of Henry Arnaud and his men, who, when driven from the Balsille, and hunted, like wild beasts, from mountain to mountain, weary, hungry, and half-starved, crossed the Sarà mountain from Fayet; and rushing unexpectedly upon the French force stationed in this village, completely routed it; and then learned, to their delight, that in a few days the Duke, terminating his alliance with the King of France, would grant them peace. But

Pramol was also the scene of another victory, more important to its welfare. Up to the year 1573 it had remained a Catholic village, with its church and its priest. During the troubles in St. Germain, when the French governor, De Birague, was seeking to compel them by military force to renounce their evangelical faith, their pastor, Francis Guerin, ascending to Pramol one Sunday, by the path which we took, there met the priest, who had just finished his mass; and challenged him to a public discussion respecting it. As the priest shrunk from the challenge, Guerin said he would not take him by surprise, but he would return the following Sunday, and would convince him that the mass was erroneous. The following Sunday, when Guerin arrived, there was neither mass nor priest. Guerin then urged the Catholics to come to him for instruction. They, profiting by his invitation, in a short time declared themselves Protestants, and asked the Vaudois Synod to provide them with a pastor. Since that time Pramol has been Protestant. Till lately, indeed, there still remained a Catholic church and the service of the mass; but there was no congregation. Almost all the Catholics of the parish are lower down the mountain, at Costa Bella; and, at length, the Catholic church was sold for a Protestant school, and the priest's house has become the house of the regent, or schoolmaster. Yet we must remember that

such events are no sure sign of piety : and we regretted to learn that there is much spiritual death in this parish. The pastor, M. Vinçon, is an aged man, who was pastor of this parish, when Neff visited St. Germain in 1825. He received us with kindness and hospitality, doing all that he could to make us comfortable. At our request he sent to his nearest neighbours, to say that Mr. Roussel would hold a meeting ; and in about an hour thirty or forty of them, who left their harvest work, came into the temple for a short service, when Mr. Roussel expounded to them Matt. vi. 24, &c. ; and some of the people were so much interested, that they said they could have stayed all the night to listen to him. Next morning, at nine, he preached to about two hundred persons, from Luke xvi. 19—31. The sermon was powerful ; and the people most attentive.

Here we were introduced to the elders of the parish, to whom we gave some short exhortations. These elders in the Vaudois parishes might be most valuable assistants to the pastors. As the parishes are populous, extensive and mountainous, the hamlets can receive but little attention from the most diligent pastor ; but if each hamlet had its own elder, acting as a pastor within it, visiting the sick, superintending the schools, and collecting the people for prayer when they might not be able to attend the parish temple, the instruction of the people would be less incomplete. The

tendency of all churches, however, is to decay : and from the multitudinist principle in the Vaudois churches, which gives the choice of the church officers to an ungodly multitude, the elders in the valleys are said to be often incapable, and sometimes openly irreligious. Could pious pastors pay more attention to their elders and regents, gathering them into special meetings, and giving them special instruction in the scripture, they might become important agents in the revival of godliness in their respective districts. Or if the elders are too old to become active evangelists in the parishes, the pastors might form bible-classes of the most promising young men, whom they might send out as evangelists to the hamlets, and who might be trained to be the future elders of the valleys. M. Verrue, the pastor of the parish of St. Servan, in Poitou, has adopted this plan in his extensive and long-neglected parish ; and already a number of young men, converted through his ministry, have read and expounded the scriptures in the hamlets with zeal and with success. When the people were dismissed the pastor thanked us heartily for our exhortations. May God bless both to him and them the truths that were then spoken.

An hour afterwards, bidding farewell to our friendly host, we crossed the Sarà mountain which separates Pramol from the valley of St. Martin. The rain was falling, the mists hung

blackly over the whole landscape, and we could only see a few yards round us. Before we were half up the mountain we were overtaken by a man of Pramol, who said he had followed us because there was no distinct path over its summit, and because, as our guide did not know the way perfectly, we might in the mists become entangled in difficult and dangerous places. Besides the friendly aid of his local knowledge, he also took the load from the back of our guide, who was perspiring with the weight, and, fitting it to his own shoulders, walked lightly with it up the mountain. He was a friendly, good-tempered man, about five feet ten inches in height, and of such limbs as might have fitted him to be the companion of Janavel or of Arnaud. At the summit he pointed out our path, and bade us farewell. From the dark bosom of every cloud the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed with a tempestuous majesty worthy of the mountain scene. Behind us, instead of the Vachere and the Rous, we could see nothing but blackness; and before us we looked down into blackness too. The rain now came down in torrents. There seemed a wild merriment in heaven which communicated itself to us, and we descended the steep side of the mountain merrily. But I made a great mistake. As I had only one undercoat with me, which I wanted to keep dry, I put on my waterproof great-coat over it; but the day

was very warm, our progress was rapid, and my two coats soon put my blood into a gallop. Had I taken both off, and wrapped the coat in the waterproof great-coat, I should have kept them dry and remained cool myself; but under the influence of two coats, with violent exercise, I perspired more, I think, than I ever did in my life; and before I reached Pomaret, my waistcoat and the arms of my coat were soaked with perspiration as if they had been exposed to torrents of rain. In all mountain walks it is well to be as light as possible, with means of warm clothing at the end. On our descent, several breaks in the conflicting and stormy clouds showed the mountains across the valley in gleams of sunshine like fairy-land, and then all was dark again. Such mysterious and evanescent landscapes added new charms to the tempest. It is worth while to be drenched ten times over to enjoy them. Still it is also pleasant to be dry after being drenched; and when we were safe in the hospitable dwelling of M. Lantaret, the vice-moderator, and had laid our wet clothes aside, we enjoyed the lovely neighbourhood and the victorious sun.

M. Lantaret studied at Berlin under Neander, for whom he retains much affection and respect. He is a scholar, and a man of sense; but, what is better, he is a Christian, and is aided by his amiable and pious wife in his Christian course and in his ministry. The Roman Catholics of

the parish, including the town of Perouse, do not listen to the gospel; and their priests, though ill-instructed and feeble men, still retain authority enough here, as in other Vaudois parishes, to hinder their disciples from having any religious intercourse with the Protestants. Since, however, the establishment of the constitution, Roman Catholics who have come to Perouse from other places, military officers, lawyers, and others, have made M. Lantaret's acquaintance, and are not unwilling to converse upon religious topics. Pomaret was long injured by the ministry of a clever but ungodly pastor named Peyran. Monastier, who always speaks of the faults of any of his countrymen with reserve and with reluctance, says of him:—"He died pastor of Pomaret, after having been moderator of the Vaudois churches from 1801 to 1805, and from 1814 to 1823. In his writings one can perceive a mind capable of great things, if the religious and moral sentiment had been combined with his genius. A skilful controversialist, he profited little for himself by the excellence of the doctrines which he victoriously defended. His countrymen can remember of him nothing better than that he had much cleverness and great originality."

Ability unsanctified by grace may make a minister who opposes the gospel doubly pernicious; and M. Lantaret will have to labor earnestly and perseveringly before the levity and

prejudice which M. Peyran must have bequeathed as his pastoral legacy to his parish in 1823 are overcome. The minister who succeeded M. Peyran was not, I fear, of a character materially to improve the religious tone of the people; and when some spiritual life was beginning to appear under M. Lantaret's ministry, there appeared also a tendency to what is termed on the Continent Derbyism, so that some of the best of his church have separated themselves. I doubt the wisdom and propriety of this step. The constitution of the Vaudois churches seems to me in some respects faulty; the practice of baptizing all the children of the parish, the admission of nearly the whole population to the Lord's Supper, and the want of scriptural discipline, may well deserve the serious attention of all the Vaudois who wish to see their churches pure and powerful; but such pious persons may discuss the propriety of some of their ancient usages without setting up separate meetings. When those who were converted by the preaching of Neff formed separate meetings, they did right, because the gospel was not preached in their parishes; and Christians have no right to sustain an ungodly ministry (Matt. vii. 15, 20; Gal. i. 8, 9); but to leave a faithful ministry and a living church, because of some defects in either or both, seems to me a questionable course. If every fault in a church is a ground of separation, how can there be any

Christian churches whatever? Will any church of Plymouth brethren pretend to be itself faultless? If not, then its members must leave it when they think that they spy out any fault, and no church will remain. When a local church in any town or village has no spiritual life, when the gospel is not faithfully preached in it, and when its members are called to sanction error or to do what is wrong, then I conceive separation becomes a duty; but, in the absence of all these causes of separation, should not the members of any church seek its improvement rather than desert it? At the same time I must add, that if the churches of Christ would gain converts from the world, prevent defection from their ranks, or preserve themselves from schism within, they must heartily surrender each unscriptural practice, unreservedly follow the whole will of Christ as expressed in the New Testament, and show by their temper and conduct that they have spiritual life.

On Thursday, August 3, M. Roussel preached at Pomaret to a congregation of about 300, which nearly filled the temple. The Vaudois population of this parish is 1,317, but these are scattered over a space of many miles; and that 300 should, in the midst of their harvest labors, come from considerable distances, betokened some zeal. His subject was John viii. 1—11, and his application of our Saviour's words, "Neither do

I condemn thee : go, and sin no more," in which he showed that Jesus forgives us freely when we confess our sins, but will have us, if we come to him, renounce all sin as the consequence of pardon, was evidently felt deeply by many.

Friday morning, August 4th, we walked up the valley before breakfast, to Ville Sèche, which is about three miles from Pomaret; and at nine o'clock, after ascending the steep and rocky path to the temple, we both spoke to the people. M. Roussel preached from John vi. 28, 29. The parish is extensive. The Vaudois population is 1,535, and a large congregation was gathered, so that the temple was well filled. This parish was for nearly half a century injured and misled by M. Rostaing, a careless minister, who was their pastor when the valleys were visited by Mr. Baird in 1843. If I was rightly informed, it still suffers from the consequences of that ministry, and it is said to be less moral and less religious than any other in the valleys. M. Roussel preached an awakening sermon. He first showed that they had no righteousness, by an able examination of the ten commandments of the decalogue; he then showed that they had no faith, by an examination of the nature of true faith; and, finally, urged them to believe that they might be saved. My indignation was moved by seeing some young men, through the whole sermon, talking and laughing as if they were

profane scoffers; and looking fixedly at them when I spoke, I said, that though they might neglect the warnings of a stranger, they could neither resist God nor escape from him. I applied to Ville Sèche Matt. xi. 21—24, and then urged instant repentance. The young men became serious, and I saw some other youths listening eagerly; but I was afterwards ashamed of myself, because I had spoken in anger rather than in pity. Those who are saved from hell by nothing but the atoning sacrifice of a Redeemer have no right to be impatient or angry with their fellow-sinners. M. Jalla, the pastor, who had received us cordially at his house, accompanied us part of the way on our return to Pomaret. May God grant him all the grace which he requires! for it is no ordinary faith and zeal that are needed to call a dead people to life; and to be the minister of a people who still remain under spiritual death, when another more zealous and more prayerful might have been the means of awakening and saving them, is no enviable position.

Leger, who was born at Ville Sèche, mentions an awful instance of apostasy with which he was personally acquainted in this place. In 1642, when he was minister of Prali, Bartholomew Polat, who was the schoolmaster at Ville Sèche, became a Roman Catholic, upon which he was excommunicated by M. Pastors, minister of

Maneille. After this he became zealous for the church of Rome, and gave up his bible to an officer to be publicly burned in the Catholic church of Perrier. Soon after he was so altered in appearance, probably through continual remorse, that Leger, when he met him one day between Perrier and Prali, could scarcely recognise him. When, on that occasion, Leger said to him, among other things, "I can see by your very aspect how your conscience torments you," he answered, "I know well what a fault I have committed, but it is too late." And when Leger urged him to repentance, he added, "I am afraid I shall be damned; God will not have mercy on me, because I did not sin in ignorance." About eleven months after his excommunication he fell sick, and said openly, "I am damned because I have apostatized." Mr. J. Manchon, one of the principal inhabitants of Fayet, deposed, that when he was with him one day, the priest and monks of Perrier came in to give him extreme unction, or the communion. Upon seeing them, Polat rose in a fury, seized a hatchet which was near his pillow, and tried to rush upon them, exclaiming, "Carry off your rubbish: you are the cause of my damnation!" at which they escaped as fast as they could. Another time Captain Laurence, a Catholic, was with him when the priest came in again, whom he drove away with the same outcries as before, declaring that he should be damned

for his apostasy : and though Captain Laurence endeavoured to comfort him, he still maintained that there was for him neither repentance nor grace, that prayer was useless, that his sin was against the Holy Spirit, and that he looked for no pardon. So he withered away, and died in utter despair.

The same afternoon we walked back to Pomaret, took a cabriolet to Pignerol, and there, at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Roussel expounded Matt. xvi. 24—28, to a small but interesting and attentive congregation, which had been gathered together at an hour's notice. On Saturday morning we walked with Dr. Monnet, a Vaudois physician, through some parts of Pignerol, and were pleased to notice in several points an improvement in the civil condition of the Vaudois. Dr. Monnet pointed out two places in the city where numbers of the Vaudois had been burned for adhering to the evangelical faith. Now their countrymen have acquiesced in their emancipation ; they have equal civil privileges with the Catholics, and many even of their Catholic neighbours at Pignerol treat them with respect. Although Monsignore Bigex, Bishop of Pignerol, in 1818 attacked them in his pastoral letters, and Monsignore Rey renewed the war in 1826, and after him Monsignore Charvaz calumniated them still more in pastorals and in other writings, and Monsignore the present Bishop has

tried to hinder them from building their temple, all has been in vain; and the government, the journalists, and the people of Piedmont, now think them very good sort of people, and would not hang, burn, starve, or torture them to please either Pope, prelate, or priest. Until the year 1847 they might purchase no property beyond the limits of these valleys: now, there is no legal hindrance in their way, and M. Monnet has purchased a house in Pignerol; since which others have likewise settled themselves in the city. Till that year all the Vaudois in Pignerol were obliged either to climb the mountain to St. Bartholomew, or to go four miles to St. Germain, for Protestant worship; but now a room in M. Monnet's house is fitted up as a chapel, and an excellent site is obtained, on which, when the necessary formalities are executed, despite the opposition of the present bishop, a temple will be built. Till of late years the calumnies which priests and monks have not ceased to utter against the Vaudois were so far believed that not a Catholic in Piedmont would listen to a Vaudois preacher, but now some Catholics of Pignerol, and many of Turin and Genoa, come from time to time to their worship. Who can tell whether the Gospel may not penetrate even the convents, or else sweep them altogether away?

Close to M. Monnet's house, one room of which is used for the chapel, there is a vast

for his apostasy: and though Captain [?] became endeavored to comfort him, he at [?] are doing that there was for him neither [?] discharge of grace, that prayer was useless, [?] him administer against the Holy Spirit, and thus [?] once taken no pardon. So he withered away [?] for life utter despair.

The same afternoon we walked [?] and mareet, took a cabriolet to Pignerone [?] her, at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. R. [?] or Matt. xvi. 24—28, to a small [?] which has attentive congregation, which [?] again together at an hour's notice. [?] without [?] ing we walked with Dr. M. [?] professor, the physician, through some parts [?] wrong, all were pleased to notice [?] happens in improvement in the civil [?] movement, from dois. Dr. Monnet pointed [?] me being to city where numbers of [?] or should burned for adhering to [?] of soul or any. Now their countrymen [?] despotism emancipation: [?] reduce with the Catholics [?] lived in Catholic neighborhood [?] heard the [?] Almon [?] cemetery, [?] later [?] heard [?] who [?] of [?] from the

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convent, where numbers of young women become nuns before they know what they are doing. When a man wishes to be free from the charge of a daughter, he pays 5,000 francs for her admission to this convent: and when she once takes the black veil she becomes a prisoner for life. After that fatal step, taken in ignorance of the world at an early age, when both conventual and social life have been misrepresented to her, she has no opportunity either for repentance or escape. Through that convent-door which has closed upon her she must never pass again. Placed there without a bible, without books, without any other guide than the confessor, she must receive all views of right and wrong, all knowledge, all information of what happens in the world, all instruction, all amusement, from her priest alone. The subjection of one being to another can scarcely be more complete: or should nature have given her any freedom of soul or any power of thought, so that the convent despotism becomes irksome to her, severity will soon reduce her to submission. When M. Monnet lived in that contiguous house, he one evening heard the most miserable groans in the convent cemetery, which was near his house. A few evenings later a friend in his house, when he was absent, heard the same sounds, and sent for the magistrate, who came and heard them too. When the prefect of police at Sens heard such sounds issuing from the

convent of the Good Shepherd in that city, and informed the Mayor of them, this magistrate, despite all ecclesiastical prohibitions, searched the convent, and finding a poor nun chained in a subterranean dungeon, in a miserable condition, set her free : but the Italian magistrate, with less power or less decision, simply answered that he could not interfere. Some miserable girl was thus passing into that state of complete subjection to her superiors which Jesuit theology reckons an approach to Catholic perfection. Though the world in general is excluded from this prison the priests are not so ; for close to the convent are two establishments of priests, from which subterranean communications must be easy, and from one of these houses several wires, like the wires of an electric telegraph, pass across the street into the convent, so that the convent may ring its bell in the house of the priests, and the priests may ring their bell in the convent.

But from the world in general, even in public worship, the unhappy victims of priestcraft are completely shut out. We entered their chapel, and as the nuns who attend worship there are separated from the congregation by a grating, behind which they cannot be seen, we heard some of them chanting behind it, but could not see them. A weak, timid, gentle, plaintive voice, took one part of the chant ; and some harsh,

strong female voices responded. It seemed just as if an oppressed, heart-broken nun was asking pity, and receiving from her superiors in the convent anathemas in return. Parents who put their daughters in this convent seem to me like those Africans who sell their children to European slave-dealers. There is, however, this difference, that the African father gets at least rum and gunpowder in return for the misery of his child; but the Italian father gives the slave-dealer money to make his child miserable. How many young creatures are at this moment dragging on in that convent a joyless and degraded existence, simply because their parents were selfish enough to wish to get rid of them at the least possible cost! But Piedmont has now a Parliament and a press; and these establishments will, I trust, ere long be looked into.

At ten o'clock we left Pignerol by the railroad, and at eleven reached Turin, where we went to the Hotel de la Ville, in Carlo Alberto-street. It is kept by Protestants, is clean and comfortable, and there is a good table d'hôte. The churches, pictures, and museums of the city, the Superga, and other sights, I could not visit; but I saw much to interest me. When I was in this city, seventeen years ago, it seemed to me swarming with priests and soldiers. The soldiers are diminished in number, the clergy seem as numerous as ever. Nevertheless, they are not now as

powerful as then, still less have they now the influence which they had in the sixteenth century, when they effected the death of Hector, of Poitiers, and Jeffry de Varaglia. With melancholy interest I stood in the Piazza Castello and thought of those victims of priestly misrule who there died for their adherence to the gospel. The life and death of the latter deserve especial mention. The son of a bitter persecutor, who had commanded a regiment in the army which invaded the valleys in 1488, he became himself a monk and an eager advocate of the Church of Rome. Though his zeal, he rose to place and wealth, had several benefices, and was one of the suite of the Pope's Legate to the Court of France. There, for the first time, learning Protestant doctrine and the character of evangelical Protestants, he became convinced that the Church of Rome was corrupt. Unable to subdue or silence his convictions, he renounced his position in that Church, retired to Geneva, became the friend of Calvin, was recommended to the Vaudois, and was chosen pastor of St. John. In that place he preached with power, and proved himself a devoted minister of Christ. Becoming, therefore, most obnoxious to the priests, he was arrested on the occasion of a visit to Busca, his native place, and sent to Turin. There, resisting both the threats and promises by which the priests tempted him to desert the faith, he was finally strangled, and

then burnt on the Piazza Castello. He was an eminent Christian, and preached the gospel with remarkable clearness, as may be seen in the account given of him by Crespin. He was executed March 29, 1558, being then fifty years old. Gilles says of him, "His joyful countenance on his way to martyrdom, and the discourse which he delivered at the place of execution, with admirable piety, astonished his adversaries and strengthened many in their resolution to maintain the truth." Perrin adds, "He was brought then to the Piazza Castello to be burnt, where he made a confession of his faith before all; at which the greater part of those present said aloud, 'They are putting him to death without cause.'" When he mounted the scaffold, the executioner asked his pardon for being the instrument of his death; to whom he answered, "I pardon not only you, but also all those who have caused my death. Courage. Do your duty. My death will not be useless." He then prayed aloud; after which he was strangled, and his body was burnt.

How much the scene was changed when, in that place where so many of the Vaudois had been burnt for their faith, a crowd as great was assembled, March 24, 1848, to celebrate the Constitution granted by Charles Albert. On that day ministers of state, civic authorities, and deputies from various communities and trades, made a procession through the city; and, accord-

ing to the order of that procession, settled by the master of the ceremonies, the ministers of the crown came first, these were followed by the civic authorities, and then the Vaudois were placed at the head of the deputies from the professions and trades. All these marched through the city and lowered their flags as they passed before the King. The Waldensian flag was of blue silk, with the inscription, "I Valdesi riconoscenti," on one side, and on the other side, "A Carlo Alberto." As they passed they received many hearty salutations; the significant pledges that Popes, prelates, and priests, will never persuade that people to burn, or even to persecute them again. The bull of Innocent VIII., with the divine authority of the Vicar of God, does indeed still order the bishops and clergy "to trample on them as venomous snakes, and use all efforts for the holy and necessary work of their extermination;" and Catholic princes are still enjoined, "*Ut illos nefandissimos hæreticos exterminare procurent*,"—to procure the extermination of these wicked heretics; but even the divine authority of the Vicar of God can hardly persuade Catholics that this would be right.

There are still, however, men in Piedmont in whom unhappily the spirit of that bull lingers. Lately the priests have published at Turin a series of popular lectures, which are circulated through Piedmont by thousands, of which the

following extracts, made from two of them, will show the spirit:—

“*F.* Tell us, then, how is their religion defined in their books?

“*P.* In England, Protestantism is an act by which any one believes what he will, and professes what he believes; that is, that every Protestant may believe what he will, and do what he will. Lately, a catechism has been printed, which is in general use among the Protestants of England, where it is thus defined: Protestantism is a detestation of Popery or Catholicism, and an exclusion of Papists or Catholics from every civil and ecclesiastical employment.”

“Who are the Protestants?

“All those who, laying aside divine revelation, follow their own reason in matters of religion.

“If any one should refuse to believe any thing contained in the sacred scriptures, would he be a good Protestant?

“He would be a good Protestant, because, according to the English definition, every one believes what he will, and professes what he believes.

“If any one should deny the whole of the scriptures?

“He would still be a good Protestant.

“If any one should deny God, the soul, hell, and heaven, would he still be a good Protestant?

“The best Protestant, because each believes what he will, and professes what he believes.

“Can Turks and Jews belong to Protestants?

“Turks and Jews may be Protestants, on one sole condition, that they detest the Catholics and the Pope; for Protestantism is the detestation of Popery or Catholicism.

“Those who cheat in their business, are they Protestants?

“They are also Protestants, because they detest Popery.

“Drunkards, gamblers, and idlers, can they be good Protestants?

“These also are good Protestants.

“Pickpockets and rogues, can they be called Protestants?

“These may be the best Protestants, because they will have greater boldness to detest Popery.

“If any one should seek to raise a rebellion in a Catholic state, or should kill his sovereign, would he, and all robbers and assassins, be good Protestants?

“All these would be the very best Protestants, because the most courageous, and the most audacious, to cry out against the Pope and against Catholics.

“My sons, imagine a man corrupted, given to every disorder, capable of every misdeed, provided he believes in this manner, and provided he de-

tests Popery;—he is the best observer of the Protestant religion.” *

“Your Protestantism appears to me a very Babel.

“If it were only a Babel, that were little. The worst is, that it contains a doctrine, horrible in theory and immoral in practice—a doctrine which outrages God and man; which is hurtful to society, and contrary to good sense and modesty. . . . Neither Pagans nor Turks have attained such impiety of doctrine.

“Do you say, then, that no Catholic who becomes a Protestant can ever be saved?

“I say that it is certain, with the certainty of faith, that Catholics who become Protestants are all damned, unless they sincerely repent before they die, and abjure their Protestant errors. With these exceptions, it is of faith that all Catholics who become Protestants are damned irremediably to all eternity.

“This appears to me an intolerant and cruel maxim, contrary to the goodness of God.

“To say that it is cruel, and contrary to the goodness of God, is a blasphemy, because God has revealed the contrary. . . . There is, therefore, no other alternative. They must either remain good Catholics, or be damned. Has God need

* “Il Cattolico Istruito nella sua Religione. Torino, 1853. Con approv. della Rev. Arciv.”

of these renegades? Has He not damned numbers of idolaters and infidels? And what superiority can these claim over those?

“How can you put Protestants in one bundle with Pagans?

“Apostate Catholics are worse than Pagans and infidels; for these sin in ignorance, whereas apostate Catholics sin through mere malice, and through a malice which is diabolic.” *

These unhappy violations of truth, while they increase the hatred of Protestantism in one class of the people, are rather calculated to disgust all men who have knowledge and sense with the cause which they are invented to defend. In Piedmont there is now much liberty of thought, and a freedom of the press, which will continue to enlighten the mass of the people. Such misrepresentations may maintain for a long time the bigoted passions of the multitude in a despotic state, where only one side is permitted to speak; but in Piedmont, where there is now much civil liberty, and some liberty in religion, they can scarcely prevail. Since 1848 the country has been governed constitutionally. There are two houses of Parliament, as in England, a senate and a chamber of representatives. The members of the lower chamber are chosen for each political section of the country by electors who pay direct taxes to

* “Catechismo Interno al Protestantismo, ad uso del Popolo. Torino, 1854. Con approv. della Rev. Eccles.”

the amount of forty francs. Although the constituency is small, the house of representatives is liberal, and has supported, since the establishment of the constitution, a liberal ministry, while the senate is said to be retrograde. Intolerant laws still remain; but this constitutional government has already conferred great benefits upon the country. It has given freedom to the press; it has sanctioned all public meetings, political or not, which are peaceable; it has conferred upon the subjects the liberty of speech as well as of writing; it has removed many restrictions upon trade; it has given a powerful impulse to the industry and commerce of the country, through which its cities and towns are flourishing; and it has led to the construction of important lines of railroad, which are still extending. The influence of the constitution has been especially felt by Protestants. The colportage of the bible is still prohibited: but there is a depôt of the bible at the bank of M. Malan, who is a Vaudois; and bibles may be publicly sold by booksellers. No Protestant worship was tolerated before the revolution; but now the right of the Vaudois to hold meetings for worship, and to build temples, is recognised by the law. They have temples at Turin and Nice, and will soon have others at Genoa and at Pignerol.

However much they were calumniated by such priests as Monsignore Charvaz, they had no right

of reply, nor could Protestant books be printed and published. Now Protestants may print and publish any evangelical books and tracts, provided that they do not contain direct attacks upon the religion of the state. Formerly even the Vaudois pastors could not preach in the cities of Piedmont; and now, not only Vaudois pastors, but foreign Protestants likewise, may preach in any Vaudois church unmolested. The most popular newspapers, as the *Gazetta del Popolo*, which circulates 15,000 copies daily, attacks openly the abuses of the church of Rome, and, though not religious in its spirit, is favorable to the liberties of the Protestants. The *Buona Novella*, which is openly and decidedly evangelical, has never received any legal molestation. The *Luce Evangelica*, which makes more open war upon the priests, is advertised on the walls of Turin, and sold with other newspapers at the stalls in the streets. And the evangelical library, which is excellently placed, near the centre of the city, bears its title over its door, and there all evangelical books, Italian as well as French, are openly on sale. All these reforms give to Piedmont a bright prospect, but it is not without its dangers. Sardinia and Savoy are said to be disaffected, and Genoa being republican, Piedmont alone remains constitutional. And in Piedmont there are two great parties, besides that which is constitutional. The nobles, with the senate, are said to be retro-

grade, and would gladly go back to the old despotism in church and state. Many of the populace, on the other hand, are democratic, and would gladly see government overturned in favour of a republic. Still, the king is an honest and hearty supporter of the constitution; and the constituency, in the late elections, supported it, when they supported the present government against the united efforts both of the radicals and the retrogrades. Let Piedmont strengthen its constitutional institutions, and, neither leaning to republican theories on the one hand, nor aiming at territorial extension on the other, then it is likely to grow strong, and eventually to secure the liberties of Italy.

Before the arrival of M. Roussel it was advertised in one or two papers, that he would preach on Sunday, August 6th, at the Vaudois temple. This was displeasing to the priests. And the *Campanone*, one of their journals, of Friday, August 4th, published an article, entitled "A new Napoleon in Turin;" in which it severely blamed the *Gazetta del Popolo*, for inviting the people of Turin to hear the preaching of Napoleon Roussel. It adds, "We advise the government to let this man experience what happened some time since at Pica, when a preacher of the Barbetti (a contemptuous name for the Vaudois) was forcibly driven away. The government can and ought, at least, to secure

that there shall be no publicity given to the preachers of the Waldenses, that they do nothing extraordinary, that they permit the mountebanks whom they have, at present, to preach, without seeking for new ones, and that they do not irritate the population with constant insults against Catholicism." To this Signor Varisco, an old soldier, who, without being religious, has attended the Vaudois worship, and loves the preaching of the Vaudois pastors, replied in a tract, which he addressed, with his name, "To the low and murderous writer of the Campanone." In this squib he brought all manner of charges against that journal, and finished by imploring the government "to remove from the midst of them that execrable band of assassins, and specially to destroy the nest of those rascals who print the Campanone." The Tuesday following, the Campanone replied in an article, headed "Evangelical tolerance," in which they repeated their question, "whether the government ought not to hinder those irregular preachings of the Vaudois, and whether they might not become the cause of new scandals and of deplorable scenes." This correspondence served to show more clearly the liberty of preaching in Turin. While the priestly journal which called upon government to hinder Roussel from preaching, called in vain, Signor Varisco replied to it with unjustifiable violence; and yet did so with per-

fect impunity. This explosion, therefore, of the priests had only shown their malevolence and their weakness.

But their efforts to excite the passions of the multitude are sometimes successful. The *Avenir* of Nice, quoted by the *Buona Novella*, of Turin, of Friday, August 11th, related that on Friday evening, August 4th, the day before we entered Turin, some Protestants of Nice, with the Vaudois minister, assembled in the house of a Protestant, lately dead, in the village of St. Martin; and were preparing to attend the body to the cemetery, when a crowd collected near the house, and followed the mourners to the cemetery, with their cries and insults. On Saturday evening the remains of another aged Protestant were to be buried, but, on the friends arriving at the house, they found it surrounded by a crowd of, at least, five hundred persons, uttering various cries. Scarcely had the funeral procession, preceded by two Vaudois ministers, begun to move, when they were saluted with repeated cries of "Down with the Protestants." Soon missiles began to be thrown; rotten fruit and stones struck some in the procession; and the bier was covered with filth. These insults did not cease till they entered the cemetery. Of this disturbance, the *Gazetta del Popolo*, of Wednesday, August 9th, wrote as follows: "Saturday, a poor Protestant woman was carried to the grave. Her relations, about

twenty in number, were waiting at the door for the bier, when a crowd of fanatical beasts (being in the district of the noted priest, Mari) began to assemble, and to insult these humble persons in the most abominable manner. When the procession began to move, the yells and insults were followed by acts. These vile creatures of a fanatical clergy threw at the procession whatever came to their hands; so that the relations were obliged to abandon the coffin, with which there remained none but the son, and two or three of his friends who carried it. These missiles and insults were then poured upon the son till he reached the grave." But in the present state of opinion in Piedmont priestly violence can scarcely serve their cause. In this case, not only the readers of the *Buona Novella*, but the readers of the *Avenir* of Nice, and the *Gazetta del Popolo*, at Turin, much more numerous than the fanatics under the influence of priest Mari, would be rather led by this Catholic violence to inquire into Protestant doctrine than to despise it.

On Sunday, August 6th, a large congregation, reckoned by M. Meille to be more than a thousand persons, assembled at the temple, to hear M. Roussel. The Friday article of the *Campagne* had probably done as much as the notice in the *Gazetta*, to gather them; at least, if we may judge by the following fact. A friar, who was preaching that morning, said to his con-

gregation, that Roussel was about to preach that day at the Protestant temple, but that they must on no account go to hear him. Upon this six of his congregation left the church, and came straight to the temple. Of this fact I had good proof, because one of the six told the nephew of M. Roussel, who repeated it to M. Roussel himself. M. Roussel preached a powerful sermon from Acts xxvi., in which he showed that the chief reason why men, like Agrippa, resist convictions and remain irreligious, is, that they are governed by their passions.

The Protestant temple is the place of worship to two distinct congregations. One is the old Vaudois congregation, which numbers about three hundred, and the services of which are in French, conducted by their pastor, M. Bert; the second is the Italian congregation, which is under the pastoral care of M. de Sanctis and M. Meille. God has blessed their ministry, and by their joint labors a church has been formed of members, all of whom have been received, after giving credible proofs of real conversion, and who agree in the exercise of a scriptural discipline; so that the church is now pure, and is likely, under its pious pastors, to continue so. Both of them, and the church itself, are more solicitous to receive into their fellowship none but converted persons than they are to receive numbers. And they are right. The progress of the cause of Christ everywhere

depends much more on the purity of the churches than on the number of their members.

On the afternoon of the same day, M. Meille preached to about four hundred persons, more than two-thirds being men, and expounded, justly and usefully, Phil. ii. 14—18. Both he and M. de Sanctis have adopted the expository method of preaching, as making their congregation acquainted with the word of God. In the evening M. de Sanctis expounded to about three hundred a passage in the Acts: and I regretted to find that he has adopted two opinions, which seem to me erroneous; the pre-millennial advent of our Lord, and his personal reign on earth.

But his ministry, as that of M. Meille, is earnest; and, by these two brethren, I trust that the Lord will gather to himself in Turin an Italian church, which may be a blessing to the whole country. On Monday and on Tuesday evening M. Roussel delivered to good congregations, that is, to about four hundred persons each evening, two lectures, on the Way of Salvation and on the Grounds of Infidelity. Both were able lectures, well delivered, and much appreciated by the friends who spoke to me about them. We had intended to visit the church at Genoa; but were induced to renounce our intention by hearing that the cholera was raging in that city, that several members of the church had fallen victims to it, and that all services were

suspended. M. Meille read to us some letters from M. Geymonat and M. Mazarella, the latter of whom had been attacked by it, and the former of whom was expecting to be attacked, since he was laboring among the sick and dying. Their letters were so full of faith and hope as to impress us with a high idea of the piety of these brethren; and a great wish to know them. The church, too, at Genoa is a living church, and under its faithful and affectionate teachers is said to be advancing in godliness.

But we were now called back again to the valleys, as we wished to be present at a meeting at the Balsille, on the fifteenth; and there were several mountain parishes to be previously visited. So we returned to Pignerol on Wednesday morning, where we met M. Monnet, who conducted us to the chapel. As M. Roussel was expected, the chapel was overflowing, and many sought admission in vain. Roussel expounded Phil. i. 9—11, usefully. I afterwards heard of several Catholics being there. From thence we drove to Pomaret, passing by the abbey of Pignerol, which is in the village of Abbadie; about a mile from Pignerol, and about half a mile from the Clusone. The abbey, which was so long the terror of the Vaudois, is no more, its lands having passed into other hands, and no ruins even remaining. A large church still stands on the site of the old abbey; and there is a large modern building attached, in

part of which there is a school for girls, kept by nuns, while Count Francke, to whom the property belongs, lives in the remainder: but the monks disappeared when the country was occupied by the French; and it is a pleasure to think that so fruitful a source of crime exists no longer. No Albert de Capitaneis or Thomas Giacomello will again contrive here their schemes of murder against the Vaudois, nor bury them in damp dungeons, nor bring them out to be burnt. No monastic feasts of venison and claret will be seasoned by the news of arrests and tortures. The world is grown wiser and more humane.

M. Lantaret gave us dinner at Pomaret, after which we went on to Perrier. About a quarter of a mile from that place, perched on a hill above the right bank of the Germanasca, are the ruins of the castle of Perrier, which once belonged to the Counts Truchet. My recollections of the history induced me to examine the site with care. It was well placed for defence, on a hill, which runs out as a promontory into the valley. The Germanasca flows in a crescent round its base, on the north; the waters of the Fayet wash it on the east; and it is approached from the bridge of Perrier by a narrow path along the side of a steep hill, conducting to the grassy isthmus which separates it from its parent mountain. In the middle of the sixteenth century it was the property of Count Charles Truchet, a persecutor, whose deeds

have been recorded by Gilles. He arrested Hector of Poitiers, who was burnt at Turin, June 20, 1555; and did what he could to torment the Christians of his neighbourhood. On one occasion he waylaid a pastor of the valley of St. Martin, who was going to preach in a hamlet of his parish, and, when the people resisted, he wounded the pastor so severely that he left him apparently dead. Another day he came with a troop of armed men to the door of the temple of Rioclairet during the time of service, and seized the pastor when he came out: but men, women, and even children rushed to their pastor's defence; and a powerful man forced the Count, who was himself a large and strong man, against a tree, and would have strangled him, but that he was spared in consideration of his rank.

For this assault upon him, though he was himself the guilty person, he caused the villagers to be fined 1,600 crowns. Early in the year 1560 he levied a hundred men, with whom, on the 2d of April, before daylight, he attacked Rioclairet, murdering men, women, and children, in each hamlet to which he came. The rest of the commune, with their pastor, were driven to the mountain, where they continued three days among the snows, without food or adequate clothing. A neighbouring pastor seeking to visit them, was seized, given up to the Inquisitor Giacomello at the Abbey of Pignerol, and was

there burnt. But on the third night, 400 Vaudois from the valley of the Clusone drove Count Truchet and his troop from Rioclaret, and brought the poor dying creatures back to their houses. After this he obtained from the Duke of Savoy leave to rebuild his castle of Perrier, which had been demolished by the French, and to keep a garrison there, which, upon the invasion of the valleys by Della Trinita, was strongly reinforced. Of this and of the other garrisons at Villar, La Tour, and Perouse, Gilles says that they committed "horrible excess and wickedness." Standing on its green hill above the torrent, with woods and rocks around it, that castle, with its towers and ramparts, was a fine object to all who passed through the valley, and from the windows of the castle the view was beautiful in the extreme. Opposite to it, across the valley, were the villages and hamlets of the valley of St. Martin, scattered over the mountain's side; behind, to the south, rose the cliffs of the Rocca Bianca mountain, with other rival heights; beneath, were the flashing waters of the Germanasca and the smaller torrent of Fayet. Eastward and westward the eye might wander over Spanish chestnut groves, which, at that part of the valley, shadow the bright and busy stream; while, on either side of the castle, rich woods loaded the steep hills. In that scene a devout mind might contemplate the goodness of God, and learn to

love man in loving him. But in that castle Count Truchet and his retainers were only meditating the punishment and death of those disciples of Jesus, who would not dishonor his sacrifice on Calvary by upholding the fictitious sacrifice of the mass. I could imagine, as I stood among the ruins, how, when heated with wine, and sitting over his blazing hearth, the Count exulted in his latest cruelties to some defenceless Vaudois, and then, with his friends, plotted new acts of violence. However, his zeal went too far. It was on April 2, 1560, that he murdered some of the Christians of Rioclaret, driving the rest to the mountain snows; and on Feb. 14, 1561, or about ten months later, he perished in an attempt to take the Pra del Tor by way of the Soiran, on the steep side of which he was struck, like Goliath, by a stone from the sling of a Vaudois, and, like Goliath's, his head was severed from his body by his own sword. Perrier still remains a Catholic village, and, by its sabbath dancing and drinking, is a snare to the neighbouring Vaudois villages of Ville Sèche and Maneille. We slept at its little inn, where the common room, or *salle à manger*, served also for my bedroom. Only two young men, however, who were quiet in their conversation, employed it that evening, and I was able early to lock the door, and notwithstanding the *débris* of the supper-table, the dirty floor, the deserted piles of bread,

and the proximity to the kitchen, got a sound sleep.

In the morning we climbed the steep path to Maneille, which is about 500 feet above the torrent, and received a cordial welcome from M. Rivoire, the pastor. Up this way, which winds sometimes on the edge of the rocks, seventeen years ago two of the ladies of my family rode on their mules in the dark, and manifested some courage in leaving themselves quietly to the instinct of the animals on each perilous brink without any exclamations of fear. The population of the parish is 400, and we found about a hundred assembled from considerable distances to hear M. Roussel. He preached from Matt. xiv. 1—12, insisting chiefly upon the importance of giving a right direction to the life, and that if the taste is worldly it may lead to much wickedness. M. Rivoire assured me that nothing could be more suitable to his people, placed, as they were, so near to an irreligious Catholic population at Perrier.

After an early dinner we walked to Massel. Part of the road is very wild. The torrent rolling in its bed, steep black rocks on both sides of it, and birches springing from them wherever their roots have been able to penetrate, form the whole picture, except that here and there the rocks are blue with the blossoms of lavender. In the valley of St. Martin and the

valley of Prali the lavender grows luxuriantly, and, being very sweet, would repay distillation: but at present it is wasted, as the people do not even take the trouble to gather it. M. Davyt, the pastor at Massel, whose house is one of a group on the right bank of the torrent, gave us a hospitable welcome. Like most of the other pastors we had met, he loved the gospel, and he was glad that his parishioners should hear M. Roussel. But Massel, while it is perhaps the poorest of the parishes lying on the road to the Balsille, has also the greatest number of visitors. Nearly thirty English travellers halted at his house last summer. To afford these successively even a frugal meal must be a heavy tax to a pastor whose income is very small, and those who visit the valleys should bear this in mind.

The next morning, at half-past nine, we found a large congregation assembled at the temple, which is about 100 feet above the torrent, on its left bank, with the Catholic church close to it. The Vaudois population of the parish is not above 800, and, though widely scattered and busy with their harvest, they contrived to come. M. Davyt had not for a long time seen such a congregation. M. Roussel preached an excellent sermon from Heb. ii. 2, 3, which, as I learned from a man of Prali, whom I afterwards overtook on my road to Rodoret, much impressed the

people. Some of them afterwards begged to have another sermon.

After the service a walk of two hours brought us to Rodoret. For one hour and a-half we ascended the mountain at the foot of which Massel stands, and then sat down on the smooth grass at the top. The day was most favorable for the view. Before us, to the south-east, was the bold outline of the Rocca Bianca; eastwards, lay Rioclairet, with the whole country between the mountains of Prali and those of St. Martin dappled by cloud and sunshine; to the south and west were the rugged and lofty summits above Prali, which are connected with the Infernet and the Rous, still having their patches of snow; to the north-east, we could see the whole chain of mountains which separate the valley of St. Martin from the valley of Pragela; and north-west, we looked upon the stormy crags of the Pelvou, with its subordinate mountains near the Balsille. Bright clouds occasionally threw a light lace over the mountains, through which we could see the sun shining; sometimes the clouds darkened, and left only some rocky peaks clear and sunny through their rents; and then again they hid out the whole of that aërial region. It was a place inviting rest. The sun had been very oppressive as we ascended; I was bathed in perspiration; and as a cool breeze from the north was playing over the mountain's brow, I lay

myself down on the grass and enjoyed the glorious panorama.

From a higher point on the mountain, to which we next ascended, we saw Rodoret beneath us, cradled in an amphitheatre of mountains. With the exception of Prali, it is the most elevated of the Vaudois parishes. The Vaudois population is about 300, and it has been constituted into a separate parish within a few years only. M. Charbonnier welcomed us very cordially into his new presbytery. His house is cheerful, but the climate is severe, and some of the associations of the place are painful to him. Here, a few years since, when his brother-in-law, M. Buffa, was the pastor, the presbytery stood on the edge of a small ravine. Down that ravine, one winter's night, an avalanche descended, filled the ravine, and, striking the house, buried him, his wife, child, and servant, all of whom were dug out of the ruins dead. The new presbytery is very near the site of the old one, and may remind the present pastor, whose wife was sister to M. Buffa, how near the young are to death. The historian Leger was at one time pastor of this parish, and the severity of the climate in winter may be imagined by the following statement, which he has left in the history of his life:—"In February, 1641, one Sunday, having set out at day-break from Prali to preach at Rodoret, as I was passing the hill called the Tracenea, I was met by so

furious a tempest of wind, that I was thrown down in the snow, and lost my hat. As my head had been wetted by the snow, it was soon covered by a cap of ice. When I reached Rodoret, I thawed my head at the fire. A few weeks later, I had an imposthume, which threatened to be fatal. My eyes swelled to the thickness of two fingers, and my jaws were so fastened together that it was impossible to separate my teeth to give me any food, so that they broke one of my double teeth for that purpose. At length the abcess broke, and my life was saved." Both Mme. Davyt, of Massel, and Mme. Charbonnier, of Rodoret, are imprisoned for some months in their houses each winter by the snow. At ten o'clock on Saturday the people gathered to the temple. 150, out of a Vaudois population of 400, left their harvest-work, and came, many of them from their distant dwellings, to hear M. Roussel, who preached to them an earnest and effective sermon from Matt. vii. 21—29. I was too ill to enjoy it, being chilly, sick, and in pain, with a feverish pulse. I found that the cold wind of the mountain had the day before done me mischief. However, I had to reach Prali. It was too soon to be an invalid, and I set out to that place in a burning sun.

We descended by the beautiful ravine through which the torrent of Rodoret leaps and sparkles to the main road between Perrier and Prali, and

in less than two hours reached this village, where I begged our kind host, M. Muston, to let me go to bed, as my one remedy. The profuse perspiration of my walk, a long sleep, and the rest given to the stomach by eating nothing, relieved me: and when I woke next morning all my bad symptoms were abated, so that I rose to go with M. Roussel to the temple. The people of Prali, as we were told, glory in their Protestantism; and there is not a single Roman Catholic in the parish, excepting the priest and his servants, with some government officials. But, notwithstanding their Protestant steadfastness, the villagers were said to have no spiritual life. M. Roussel preached, therefore, from John iii. 6, on the vanity of a formal profession, and the need of real regeneration. At three o'clock, also, though M. Muston had led us to expect that few would attend, because it was the "feast of shepherds," a great congregation gathered, more attentive, if possible, than that in the morning; when Roussel preached from Luke vii. 36—50. On this occasion, as the people liked to hear an English testimony, I added a few exhortations, though I still felt too ill to speak much. The same remedies—perspiration through exercise, rest, warmth in bed, and fasting to reduce fever—were still useful; and on Monday I rose decidedly better, my pulse stronger and slower, my appetite returning, sickness and diarrhea gone. I mention these things, because

I believe that, if any traveller is attacked by a violent feverish cold, these simple remedies, where medical aid is not to be had, may speedily restore him. With reference to its scenery, Prali appeared to me the least attractive of all the parishes. The bottom of the valley is flat, bearing marks, as so many Swiss valleys do, of the ravages of the torrent which runs through it. This is always ugly, as it is in the valley of the Rhone, and in the valley of the Arve, where every other feature of the scene is magnificent. The mountains, too, which encompass it, are less luxuriant and more uniform than in the other valleys. But it is healthy; there is much cultivation far up its rugged heights; and the people are said to be robust and thriving. There is a certain antique air about these mountain villagers, which recalls the deeds of their fathers. Blue frieze coats, in the construction of which the tailors take no counsel either from London or Paris, or any workshop of the nineteenth century; blue breeches, with white worsted stockings, and here and there a cocked hat or pigtail, such as some octogenarian of the last century, conservative of old fashions, retained in contempt of modern innovations, give an air of antique novelty to the assembly. And then their sinewy limbs, with their faces, lined and worn by toil as much as time, remind one of ancient deeds of daring done in these parts. Exactly such as these, probably,

were those hardy Pralians who, in 1488, when Albert de Capitaneis gathered 18,000 murderers to exterminate the Vaudois, according to the bull of Innocent VIII., met 700 of them who had come round the Col de Julien to massacre them; and killed them all, with the exception of one, whom they dismissed to tell the rest of the 18,000 what had happened. M. Muston, their pastor, was kind and cordial. I could only wish him, in return, all the grace given to one of his predecessors, without the sufferings with which that grace was accompanied. When, in 1686, Catinat, at the head of a French army, had by force and fraud obtained possession of nearly the whole of the Vaudois territory, Prali and its pastor, Leidet, fell into their hands. Being found under a rock, singing hymns, he was thrown into prison, where he languished several months on bread and water, with his feet in the stocks, so that he could not lie down. Every day monks came to torment him; and when they could not shake his faith, he was condemned to die. He heard his sentence without emotion; and, when he left the prison, he spoke of the double deliverance of body and soul which he was about to experience. From his dungeon he went to the scaffold with joy, and after a prayer, which much affected the bystanders, said, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and then joined the noble army of martyrs before the throne of God. Ages of violence have

not converted the valleys to the church of Rome. Prali remains Protestant still. Although, in the last official statement, twenty-nine Catholics are said to live among eight hundred and seventeen Vaudois, I was assured that there is not a single Catholic family in the place; and the twenty-nine Catholics were therefore made up of the priest and his servants, of government officials, and of Piedmontese shepherds, who bring their sheep to graze on the Alps during the months of summer. But close to the Protestant temple is the Papal church. In this respect Prali is not singular. For in each Vaudois village, however small, poor, or exclusively Protestant it may be, where there is a parish temple the government have also placed a parish church. From La Tour to Massel it is uniformly the case. At La Tour the new temple is large and handsome, but the new church is larger and handsomer. Even Pomaret, though a small village and close to the Catholic town of La Perouse, has its Catholic church in the middle of it. Manneille has also its church, though the Catholic population is extremely small, and the church of Perrier is near at hand; and even the little mountain parishes of Rodoret and Massel have their churches close to their temples. This governmental establishment of churches and priests, by which the Protestants are made to pay for the maintenance of ecclesiastics, who curse them as heretics and schis-

matics, does not accomplish many conversions; but it serves to perpetuate in the valleys the contrast between the Catholics and the Evangelical Christians. On the Protestant temples the traveller may generally read some scriptural inscription, such as that on the temple of St. Laurence, Angrogna: "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." (Ephesians ii. 20.) While on several of the churches he may read inscriptions like that on the church of the Pradel Tor, in the same valley. "Ave Maria gratiæ plena." A corresponding difference is seen inside. Within the temples are appropriate texts of scripture written on the walls; while on the wall of the church at La Tour I observed, as usual, a picture of Mary, as the Queen of Heaven in glory, with the infant Jesus in her arms: as though Mary were Queen Regent, and Jesus were only a child, incapable of rule. This representation, so common in churches, is only one out of many instances of Catholic disrespect to our Redeemer. The jealousy with which the Church of Rome regards the circulation of his word, the prohibition of its free and general use among Catholics, the sacrifice of the mass, the mediation of Mary, absolution by priests, and purgatory, to mention no other Roman innovations, are all directly calculated to dishonor him, and to transfer the trust and gratitude of Catholics to others.

Monday, the 14th, we returned to Massel, without having thoroughly explored the neighbourhood. Close to Prali is a pretty waterfall, probably the most beautiful in the valleys. One of the tributaries of the Pelice leaps over a rock near Fort Mirabone, and one of the tributaries of the Germanasca falls many feet over a precipice of the Col de Pis, but these, like the famous Stanbach, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, are so broken into spray, as to lose both their grandeur and their beauty, so that this fall of Prali, though not the highest in the valleys, may still be the most beautiful. We had not, however, leisure enough to examine it fully. One of the chief features of this valley is its avalanches. As I ascended it on Saturday a man, with whom I walked some way, pointed out a spot where, a few years since, ten persons returning from their work were buried: a fact afterwards confirmed to me by M. Muston. The pastor also showed us the ruins of a house where three persons had lost their lives since he had been in the valley, by the descent of a huge avalanche; which, though it was arrested by the swell of the ground, before it reached the house, overturned it by the tempest of wind raised by its descent; and the three inhabitants were buried in its ruins. Above every village and hamlet in the valley the fir woods are carefully preserved; for these arrest the snow in its descent: and without such a screen the avalanches would bury them all.

The climate is so cold that corn will not ripen till it has been thirteen months at least in the ground. Wheat, therefore, or rye, to be reaped in July or August, must be sown in June or July of the previous year. It follows that half the cultivated lands must lie fallow. This, however, is rendered necessary by the lightness and poverty of the soil, which, notwithstanding that many walls are built on the steep declivities to sustain it, is washed down by every severe rain, and, unless it were replaced by the owners, would be in a few years wholly washed away. Many of the inhabitants have mules, by which the soil and other burdens are carried up; but the poorer people here, as well as at Massel, Angrogna, Rora, and elsewhere, have nothing but their own shoulders. Men, therefore, and women carry their crops, the manure of their fields, and the very soil itself on their backs, without which their fields would soon become a surface of naked rock. If much snow falls on the young crops in autumn, and melts, it rots and destroys them, but when once the ground is frozen they are safe. The crops, which are gathered on the heights of the mountains in summer, are brought down in winter on sledges to their houses in the villages. On my road from Prali to Massel I observed wheat, rye, oats, beans, French beans, buck wheat, potatoes, hemp, and cabbages, all still growing. But on declivities towards the

south, the harvests were generally gathered. Beech and birch are wild among the rocks. Barberries are common; lavender covers the rocks, as heath in Scotland or Wales; and of wild flowers, which were numerous, I may mention thyme, heart's-ease, Canterbury-bell, and the hair-bell, which were all in blossom.

In the evening, M. Roussel preached at Massel to a crowded congregation. The little village was busy that evening, because some of those who meant to attend the meeting at the Balsille the following day had resolved to sleep here, and were seeking where to rest. Barns, in the absence of inns, were turned into dormitories, and sheets were spread on hay when mattresses failed. M. and Mme. Davyt, besides lodging M. Roussel and myself, had to contrive for several other friends. The room allotted to us looked out upon the path which, along the side of the opposite mountain, conducted from Pomaret to the Balsille. From daybreak, when I rose, a long file of visitors, men and women, were seen advancing towards the Balsille, with here and there one on the back of a mule. It seemed a string of persons without end. About eight we started, fell in with the crowd, and reached the place of meeting at nine o'clock, which was the time fixed upon for the commencement of the proceedings.

The Balsille is a mountain where Henri Arnaud,

and 400 Vaudois under his command, defended themselves against the united forces of France and Savoy with heroic resolution. At this place two torrents, one from the Col de Pis on the north, and one from Mont Guignevert on the south, meet to form the Germanasca. Between these two torrents stands the Balsille, or the mountain of Quatredents, which is a promontory descending from one part of the Col de Pis. This mountain has, about 200 feet from its base, a small flat surface, inaccessible towards the west, because perched upon a precipice, but approachable on the north and south by steep grassy slopes. This place was converted into a fortress by Arnaud, and is termed the château. Above it the mountain is formed of four steep and rugged cones, each higher than the other, ascending towards the foot of the Col de Pis. These were all fortified, and were termed the Fortin. They were unapproachable, except from the château. For although the Col de Pis rose directly above them, yet its western side being precipitous no force placed on its summit could descend to them. Above this strong natural fortress rise the mountains of the Guignevert and the Col de Pis; and still loftier than these the naked rocks of the Pelvou. As I approached this last asylum of the brave and good, the shadows added to its magnificence. The sun broke out over the valley near Massel, but only to make the stormy masses of

vapor in the sky look black as night above the Balsille. We seemed to be marching into Tartarus. A preternatural horror seemed to invest the dark, wild, and naked region. If May 2, 1690, was such a day when twenty thousand men, French and Piedmontese, marched to attack four hundred Vaudois, one can imagine with what superstitious tremors they approached. Believing already that the Vaudois were accursed heretics aided by the devil, with what confirmed conviction would they now see them shrouded, as it seemed, in the very darkness of hell! With what pale lips and shudderings would they repeat the charms with which they were provided to shield them from the demons! If the bones of St. Justin the hermit, or of St. Anthony the abbot, or the white powder which they thought was the preserved milk of the Virgin Mary, were ever needed to defend them from ghostly foes, now was the time to try their power. One would grasp his musket with fear, lest some demon should snatch it from him; another would count his beads, or kiss a relic, lest he might himself be seized by the demon. But the murderers had more than imaginary dangers to meet that day: and when a sustained fire from the château rolled them by hundreds down the steep declivity, the whole army, seized with panic, fled down the valley, from what seemed to them an accursed spot; and four hundred men remained victors

over twenty thousand, who had sought their lives. Later, however, it was impossible for them to resist the pertinacious hatred with which two powerful monarchs sought their ruin. May 10th, 12,000 men, under the Marquis de Fenquières, returned to the assault, and took possession of every available height. When he had filled the valley with his troops, surrounded the Balsille, and placed two pieces of cannon on the side of the Guignevert, opposite the southern ramparts of the château, he raised a white flag, intimating that he would give them quarter if they would surrender; and when they refused, he planted a red flag in their sight, to show that, from that moment, there was no mercy. That done, the cannon tore down the feeble ramparts, and, under their fire, the furious soldiers climbed to the château, which they found empty, because the Vaudois had retired to the Fortin. But the next day they would have them all. If their fall was delayed by their retreat, it was also rendered the more certain. On these cold pinnacles they had neither provisions nor water, nor covering from the frost; and the victorious Catholics promised themselves that, on the morrow, they would clear off the whole brood of heretics, and have every Vaudois soldier who still remained in the valleys hung on that very spot.

The morning is come; they march to the attack; they climb the first steep ascent of the Fortin;

and not a shot arrests their advance. They climb the second pinnacle: still not a shot. "They must be gathered among the wild rocks of the loftiest summit, to make their last desperate defence." The third summit of the Fortin is gained, there remaining only the last. Still the French press on; and not a single Vaudois hat appears peeping from the rocks. The whole Fortin is now in their hands: but where are the Vaudois? Around are nothing but impracticable precipices, and every hill, mountain, and ravine is occupied by their enemies. Where are the Vaudois? Look up yonder. There, above the top of that Guignevert, on the flank of the Pelvou, far above the highest post of the French, they are cutting their way in the snow-wall with hatchets—they are beyond the reach of their enemies—they disappear behind the clouds. That night, in silence and darkness, protected from the blaze of the enemies' watch-fires, and hidden from their sentinels by a thick mist, they had crept with naked feet down a precipice between the Balsille and the Guignevert, which not one of these twelve thousand enemies would have ventured to descend even by day: they had crossed the Guignevert torrent safely, and before morning light they were far away amidst those untrodden snows.

The following lines, written in memory of that heroic exploit, may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

SPEECH OF HENRY ARNAUD TO HIS MEN, THE
EVENING BEFORE THE BALSILLE WAS TAKEN.

All is over, my brave comrades,
Ye have quitted you like men,
But the hold must be left ;
We must wander forth again :
These ice rocks which are round us,
This rude and stormy height,
Where the torrents were our music,
We must leave them all to night.
Vaudois, ye never fainted,
Though ye could their forces see
Like an army in the clouds,
Pour down the Col de Pis ;
Though ye heard their drums beating
At the Clon de Damian,
And the music of their regiments
Along the valley ran ;
Though they crept from rock to rock,
Though they filed along the glen,
Though they spread upon the mountains,
And filled the vale with men ;
Though their vaunts and their curses
Besieged the dewy air,
As ye knelt upon the earth
To make your evening prayer ;
Though they opened on our bulwarks
The desolating gun,
And their red flag waved to tell you
That quarter there was none.
What then if the oppressors
Are eager for the dawn,
That the last of the Vaudois
May expire amidst their scorn,

Though the blaze of many watch-fires
Around our prison set,
And the eyes of wakeful sentinels
Seem to cut off all retreat,
Look upward to yon height
Where untrodden snows are lying,
Look downwards to that glen,
Where mists e'en now are flying;
Down that precipice where ne'er
Have trod the feet of men,
And where the mountaineer
Shall never tread again;
And up that stormy Guignevert;
Where the foe will fear to climb,
Through the darkness every soldier
Must drag his weary limb:
And though the eagle's nest
Must be the invaders' prey,
The eagles whom they seek
Shall be soaring far away.
Let not toil, let not danger,
Make our constant spirits sink;
We have drunk the cup of sorrow,
We are still prepared to drink.
But if yet we shall be hunted
Upon every mountain height,
And shall only dare to creep
Amidst the shades of night;
If our houses must be filled
With strangers from afar,
And our valleys must be deluged
With bloodshed and with war;
Yet courage to the last,
For God is good and great,

And ne'er will leave his children
Who for his succour wait.
Despite these foreign foes,
Our country we will win,
And, in the name of God,
Will expel the man of sin.
Within each lovely glade,
And by each mountain-stream,
We shall see our children play;
We shall hear their infant hymn.
Now each man to his duty;
But ere we take our way,
We need our Father's aid,
My brothers, let us pray.

This deliverance had called the Vaudois people to the Balsille on this day. It was a gallant feat and a great mercy which they were met to recall; and they trooped from every valley to the commemoration. Directly in front of the rock on which the château was perched, there is a picturesque and pleasant lawn of smooth, short grass, one part of which is a slight hollow between two small knolls. The eastern knoll is of smooth grass, and served as a platform for the speakers; the hollow held about 3,000 persons; and the western knoll formed a rocky back-ground to the hollow. All this part of the lawn was filled with the crowd, who not only sat on the grassy theatre in front of the speakers, but also formed a picturesque group upon the top of the western knoll. They had come from Rora and the valley

of Luserne, as well as from St. Germain, Pramol, and Prali. In the midst of their harvest labors had they consecrated one whole day, and most of them two days, to this meeting. Women, as well as men, having walked leagues and crossed high mountains to be there, above 3,000 were assembled on that grass; and never, probably, since that strife which the meeting was called to celebrate, had that part of the valley gathered so great a throng.

But it was not simply the thought of their brave and pious ancestors which had called them together. There is in the valleys a society, like our Young Men's Christian Association, called the Vaudois Christian Union, composed of 200 members who are associated to seek their own improvement and the improvement of their neighbours. By this society was the meeting summoned for mutual exhortation and prayer, and it took its tone from its origin. Most of the pastors of the valleys aided this patriotic object by their presence. The Moderator, M. Revel, the Vice-Moderator, M. Lantaret, and the Secretary of the Vaudois Table, M. Durand Canton, were all there. I saw, also, M. Bonjour, of St. Germain, M. Gay, of Angrogna, and M. Combe, from the same valley; the two Malans and M. Tron, of the College of La Tour, M. Jalla, of Villeseche, M. Rivoire, of Maneille, with M. Charbonnier and M. Muston, of Rodoret and Prali. To these

must be added M. Meille, of Turin, and M. Malan, the Vaudois representative in the Chamber of Deputies. The meeting was called to commemorate the heroic defence of that stronghold against Papal violence by men who would die rather than attend mass; and it might be that outbursts of strong Protestant feeling might mingle with allusions to the cruelties by which the Government of Piedmont had so long plagued the Vaudois, yet the Government had expressed no jealousy. These thousands met as freely as a similar company would meet in England; and not a single soldier, not even one policeman, was there to watch the proceedings. What a contrast between the aspect of the Balsille on this day and on that which they were called to commemorate. There, on that rock before us, 400 gallant men were menaced with death for their adherence to the gospel; while on those mountains on either side, on the banks of both torrents, in the neighbouring woods, on this grass where we sat, and far down the valley, were French and Piedmontese regiments—dragoons and infantry, with thousands of fanatic peasants, all combined to exterminate them because of their faith. Now, though the exterminating bull of Innocent remains, not a single hostile face was to be seen on hill or valley; not a single voice was heard which was not jubilant. Many of the Catholics of Piedmont, like those of France, have out-grown the

bigotry of Roman Churchmen, and no longer are disposed to execute those sanguinary decrees which these have issued in the name of Jesus Christ.

I can only sketch the proceedings, a detail of which would occupy too much space. M. Lantaret, the Vice-Moderator, introduced the subject, and gave out a hymn, called "The Return from Exile." M. B. Malan uttered a prayer calculated to lead us all to pray with him. M. Meille read an excellent narrative of the defence and loss of the place, after which a thousand voices sung to a melodious air some verses called "The Song of the Balsille," which were, in substance, like the following :—

SONG OF THE BALSILLE.

'Twas here that our fathers, the true and the bold,
With myriads against them, but God on their side,
Superior to hardship, and hunger, and cold,
The malice of Rome and its armies defied.

Like Israel, elected God's goodness to show,
They were saved by his care in each suffering time;
Their harvest they dug from the sheltering snow,
And climbed where the chamois would tremble to climb.

When the cannon had conquered their pinnacled height,
And nought was before them but death and despair,
They prayed to their Maker that perilous night,
And he made them to triumph in answer to prayer.

And now when the signs of that terrible fray,
The bullets of France, are found deep in the sod,
Each relic of battle should teach us to pray,
Each bullet remind us of duty and God.

Thou land of great actions, thou home of our sires,
Ye crags which have witnessed the toils of the brave,
Inspire us, their children, with ardent desires,
The foes of our faith to enlighten and save.

This song being finished, M. Revel introduced M. Roussel, Dr. Thompson, and myself, to the meeting. M. Roussel urged them to give God the glory for what their fathers had done; I followed; Dr. Thompson told them to imitate the faith of their fathers. The meeting was then terminated by a hymn and prayer. Three verses of the hymn were like those which follow:—

God who hast given us life and breath
From age to age the same,
Thou hast delivered us from death;
We praise thy glorious name.

Here, where our fathers met to die,
We may our hymns combine;
Thy power has won the victory,
The glory shall be thine.

To thee who dost our blessings give,
To thee, our strength and shield,
Our souls and bodies, while we live,
We gratefully will yield.

When the sweet sounds of the harmonious voices died away, M. Meille prayed with fervency; and if only a hundred persons offered that prayer in faith, it may still bring returns of mercy to the multitude which was then assembled. (Matt. xviii. 19, 20.)

As the meeting then broke up for an hour, I climbed to the château, whence it was curious to see how the assembly had dispersed itself. Family groups and small parties were sitting on the grass of the valley, on the sides of the hills, on rocks, on the château, and on the banks of the torrent, to eat the frugal dinner which they had brought with them. From the very spot where I sat to observe those peaceful groups, did Henri Arnaud look upon 12,000 men, round the foot of his stronghold and on that mountain-side opposite, where the battery was planted. All the wild region, generally so silent, was then swarming with murderers, whose sole object was to take the blood of a few heroic defenders of the gospel. On the edge of the precipice, I sat down near a man who looked like one of the 400; a low, broad-brimmed hat covered black, flashing eyes, black, shaggy hair, and a dark, storm-beaten, wrinkled face. At the first moment his face seemed savage: but when I conversed with him those rugged features relaxed into a smile; and he seemed so quiet, gentle, devout, simple, and even child-like, that I liked him much. He was short, thick-set, and

muscular, had often hunted the chamois, and seemed fit for every enterprise of toil and danger. I had not time to ascend the Fortin, nor explore the precipice by which the 400 descended.

After dinner, though 300 persons or more had left, above 2,750 remained, who re-assembled in the grassy theatre; when M. Lantaret said, that if any one in the meeting had anything to say that might be useful, he was invited to speak. After a few minutes of silence, a man, of the parish of St. Germain, rose and said, "We have been invited to do good to others; let us begin with ourselves. We must feel that we are miserable sinners, and must seek to be washed from our guilt by the blood of Jesus and to be sanctified by his Spirit, otherwise we may exult in our ancestors, yet be worldly in our tempers, hard of heart, and the slaves of our sins. Let us pray the Lord to give us much of his grace, and then we can work for him." A converted Catholic, who spoke in Italian, then urged them to spread the gospel in Italy,—“Those with one talent should use it well for God, as those with five should improve their five.” M. Volle, a member of the Vaudois Union, invited them to union as the means of force and usefulness. Lieutenant Graydon, agent of the Bible Society for Switzerland and the North of Italy, enforced upon them this truth, derived from 2 Chron. xv. 2:—“The Lord is with you while you are with Him.” The

Syndic of Rora said, "Jesus told the Jews that if they were Abraham's children, they would do the works of Abraham. (John viii. 39.) So, if you are true children of the ancient Vaudois, you will do their works. Few among us read the Scriptures at home, and there are many evils among us to be removed. We need to be washed in the blood of Christ." M. Durand Canton made an excellent appeal on the same subject. I then read to them the following picture, from Monastier, of their ancestors :—"The knowledge of the Bible and submission to its teaching form the chief trait of the ancient Vaudois. The examination of the holy writings was not the duty or the privilege of the barbe alone; the laborer, the artizan, the cowherd, the mother of a family, the young girl watching cattle, attentively and conscientiously studied the Bible. Tavern-haunting and dances were forbidden. 'One may recognise,' says the Inquisitor Sacco, 'the heretics by their manners and conversation, for they are well ordered in their manners and modest; they are chaste and temperate; they frequent neither cabarets nor dances; they guard against anger; they labor hard; they study and they teach; they avoid buffoonery, evil speaking, and profane swearing.' And Claude Seyssel, the Archbishop of Turin, said, 'For their life and morals they have been irreproachable, giving themselves heartily to the observation of the commands of

God.' And William de Bellay reported to Francis I., of the Vaudois in the French valleys, who were the same people, 'That they abhorred quarrels and law-suits, they were kind to the poor, they paid their rents and taxes faithfully; and their continual prayers, with the innocence of their lives, showed that they sincerely honored God.' Further, Bernard de Foucauld, a Catholic author of the twelfth century, says of the French Vaudois, 'All preach here and there without distinction of age or sex: and they maintain that all who know the word of God ought to spread it among the people and preach.' And another author, of the thirteenth century, adds, 'They (the Vaudois) employ all their zeal to draw others with them into error. They teach even young girls the gospels and epistles; and, as soon as they have learned a little of these books, they make every effort to teach the same to others.' And the inquisitor, Rainier Sacco, represents a Vaudois as saying, 'Among us women teach as well as men, and a disciple of seven days instructs another: and because we have the true Christian faith, therefore we all teach a pure Christian doctrine, and recommend a holy life. The Scribes and Pharisees persecute us even to death, as they did Christ himself.'" M. Meille then rose and said, "The sabbath is broken among us, dances are attended, there are quarrels and law-suits, and we have been called to

break off these and all bad habits. What is the best way? Form, at once, good ones instead. Have you left the gaming-table, dance, or cabaret, with a loving, holy heart? Form other tastes and you will lose these. Return to your houses to speak with your families of what you have heard to-day, and let us meet next year at the Pra del Tor all the better for what we have heard." M. Roussel then said, I rise to make a proposition to this assembly: Will you now resolve to read the bible every day in your families, with prayer, not your liturgy, not the prayers of others, but your own simple prayer, according to your family wants? All who resolve to do so, hold up your hands. A large number of hands, some thought the majority, were instantly raised. But, at the least, some hundreds there avowed their resolution to have family reading and prayer. M. Appia closed the meeting by an earnest prayer, in which, I trust, many joined.

At three o'clock the meeting broke up, all present seeming well satisfied and happy. The day had been most favorable. Sometimes the clouds hung blackly over mountain and valley, involving all in a mysterious and solemn obscurity. Sometimes they opened and showed us, through their rents, rocky summits, isolated, and far up in heaven, like fragments of another world; sometimes under the joyous breeze, sunbeams and shadows chased each other playfully, over the

mountain's side; and sometimes the sun, from the cloudless blue of heaven, threw over the romantic scene a flood of glory. There was much food for thought in that meeting. Religious liberty in Piedmont is neither complete nor certainly established: peaceable evangelists may not preach where they will, nor to whom they will, of Jesus our Saviour; and should a retrograde party overturn the present liberal ministry, under the Count de Cavour, they might restrict the liberty which is already gained; but even the present amount of liberty is creditable to the Piedmontese government and people. Here were three thousand persons assembled, and there was no soldier or policeman present; no restrictions were laid upon the speakers; foreigners spoke as freely as the Vaudois themselves; and no hostile reporters were there to catch up any unwary expressions. All was executed as freely as it would have been in England, and the people did not abuse that liberty. There were no turbulent or seditious utterances, no irritating allusions to the injustice which the Piedmontese government has in past days inflicted on the Vaudois, no contempt expressed by any speaker of the Catholics or their creed; and, amidst that large assembly, without any police force to keep order, and without even a chairman to preside over the meeting, there was no drinking or disturbance, not a quarrel nor even a noisy jest during the whole day; but

through the good sense and good feeling of the people, "All things were done decently and in order." All seemed sober, serious, and happy. The principle was that day enforced, that all the disciples of Christ, as well as the pastors, should work for his glory; nearly all the leading pastors of the Vaudois were there to sanction that important principle; and all that they said and did evincing both piety and talent, was calculated both to improve the people, and augment their own moral influence among them. Never since the neighbourhood was occupied by Catinat with the forces of France and Savoy, when every hill bristled with bayonets, and the valley swarmed with armed murderers, had it held so large a crowd: and it was curious to see how along both sides of the Germanasca the living tide poured down the valley. But while the Germanasca still gathered depth and force by its numerous tributaries, the tide of people, on the contrary, was continually diminished by small parties, which left the main body to seek the villages on both sides of the valley, or to gain the other valleys by crossing the mountains. That evening we again received the generous hospitality of M. Lantaret, at Pomaret; and the following day, Wednesday, August 16, bade farewell to the valleys.

I had now visited, with M. Roussell, all of the fifteen Vaudois parishes, Bobi, Villar, La Tour, Rora, Angrogna, St. Jean, St. Germain, Prarustin,

Pramol, Pomaret and Villesèche, Maneille and Massel, Rodout and Prali; and I had now seen nearly the whole of the Vaudois territory. From the mountain between La Tour and Rora I could see the whole of the valley of Luserne and Rora; from the Vandalin I could see the valley of Luserne and the valley of Angrogna, with all their mountains; from the Vachere I could see the valley of Angrogna and the valley of Pramol, with all its villages and mountains; from the Sarà I could see both the valley of Pramol and the lower part of the valley St. Martin; and from the mountain above Massel I could see the valley of Fayet, and all the country from the Pramol mountains to the valley St. Martin, with the mountains between the valley St. Martin and the valley of Pragela. But the Col de la Croix, Sibaud, the Col de Julien, with its aiguille, and the bleak, wild country between the aiguille and Prali, I was obliged to leave unvisited. Though the sun is hot in July and August, there is more shade than in the plain, and La Tour is less trying to an English constitution than Turin. There is everywhere great beauty. Clear streams, rich woods, bold rocks, and lofty mountains, in a thousand combinations delight the traveller in every valley. The mountain views are magnificent. The Monte Viso on the one hand, and on the other the Roccia Melone and Monte Rosa, seen from various summits, are always interest-

ing. But the charm of the valleys is in their historical associations. Every mountain, valley, and even village, has its history. Their heroic bravery, patient endurance of unmerited sorrows, and fidelity to God in a land specially devoted to Papal superstitions, give the whole country a sort of sacredness. No where has there been in Europe so persevering a maintenance of evangelical truth; no where do we find so many sufferers for it, from generation to generation.

Some of their names have a charm which political or military achievements alone could not give: and Janavel and Jayer, though peasants, had nobler distinctions than ever adorned the coronets of the Howards of England or of the Montmorencies and Larochejaquelins of France. They are, and ever have been, a poor people. For a few years, at the beginning of the Reformation, the gospel penetrated into some of the castles of Piedmont, as it gained the adherence of nearly half the chivalry of France; but evangelical religion was soon exterminated from that class. The world was too strong. And almost all the nobles remained Catholics, when to become a Vaudois, or Protestant, exposed to loss of lands and to penury, privation, and death. All the great families who had estates in the valleys were, therefore, generally numbered among their enemies; and few, if any, of the Vaudois can boast of the secular dignity of their ancestors.

But many of them descend from martyrs. Let me mention some of the present pastors whose names were borne in former times by sufferers in the cause of the gospel.

M. Revel is pastor of Bobi and Moderator of the valleys.

One of the chiefs of the crusaders who sought to exterminate the Vaudois in 1488 was shot by an arrow from the cross-bow of Peiret Revel, of Angrogna. David Revel, of Rora, in 1655 had his mouth and ears filled with gunpowder, by which his head was blown to pieces. Margaret Revel, of St. Jean, was burnt to death. John Revel, of Angrogna, was promised his life if he would go to mass; and, refusing, had his head cut off, after receiving many previous wounds. Stephen Revel, of Rora, was the brave lieutenant of Janavel; Mary, his wife, having been, in the massacre of Rora, wounded by a musket-ball, knelt down to pray, and in that posture was murdered.

M. Lantaret is the Vice-Moderator and the pastor of Pomaret.

Anthony Lantaret and Stephen Lantaret, of St. Jean, were killed in 1655, defending their country.

M. Durand (Canton) is Secretary of the Table and pastor of Prarustin.

In 1557, Arrosel Durand and Stephen Durand were summoned to Turin, as leading Protestants

of Rora, to answer for their opposition to the Church of Rome; and, in 1655, Bartholomew Durand, of Rora, with David Revel, had his head blown to pieces with gunpowder.

M. Bonjour is pastor of St. Jean.

In 1557, James Bonjour, of Bobi, was summoned to Turin to answer for his faith. In 1597, Anthony Bonjour, pastor of Pravelhelm, was seized and carried prisoner to the castle of Revel; whence he escaped, by a cord, from the window of the castle to Pravelhelm, and thence to Bobi, where he was pastor thirty-three years. And in 1655, Moses Bonjour, of Bobi, was murdered by the soldiers of Pianezza.

M. Gay is pastor of Angrogna.

In 1655, John Gay, of Villar, was murdered by the Catholic soldiers; John Gay, elder of Rora, with two of his children, was murdered; and James Gay was killed while fighting in the defence of his country.

M. B. Malan and M. W. Malan are professors of the College of La Tour. W. Malan, as one of the leading men of Angrogna, was summoned to Turin in 1557, to answer for his faith; in 1655, Bartholomew Malan, of Angrogna, was killed in defending his country; and Jane, daughter of John Malan, was stolen and kept a prisoner at Barge.

M. Tron is professor at the College of La Tour.

In the time of Leger, Anthony Tron was a syndic and elder of the valley of St. Martin.

M. Rivoire is pastor of Maneille.

In 1555, Laurence Rivoire, of Angrogna, was cited to Turin as one of the most zealous Protestants of that valley; and Ann and Peter Rivoire were stolen from their father, Bartholomew Rivoire, of Angrogna.

M. Bert is Vaudois pastor at Turin.

In 1655, Daniel Bert, his wife, and Peter Bert, all of Villar, were cruelly murdered for their faith.

M. Meille is pastor at Turin.

Stephen Meille, of La Tour, was killed in 1655.

M. Geymonat is Vaudois pastor at Genoa.

Peter Geymonat, of Bobi, was murdered for his faith in 1655; and Daniel Geymonat had, about the same time, two sons stolen from him whom he never afterwards could find.

But piety is not innate in any one. The children of godly parents are not necessarily godly; believers themselves are prone to backslide; and even persecution brings snares with it, tempting Christians to conceal their principles or to accommodate them to those of the world. The purest Churches, therefore, are liable to decay; and if wealth, peace, prosperity, and secular honors, hasten the corruption and fall of Churches,

poverty and persecution do not guarantee their fidelity. But to this danger those Churches are specially exposed which, like the Churches of the Reformation, are formed on the multitudinous principle; and which, aiming at the comprehension of the whole population, baptize all the children of the territory, and admit nearly all to the communion. In such Churches it is almost certain that the majority of members will always be worldly; and a worldly majority can soon draw the rest of the Church into a worldly spirit. Whatever the cause might be, certain it is that the Vaudois Churches at the beginning of this century had fallen deplorably; of this the letters of Felix Neff, published by Mr. Bost, furnish melancholy proof. But since that time there has been a considerable revival of religion among them.

If we can see the merciful hand of God in this preservation from the ferocity of powerful and implacable enemies, we must no less acknowledge his goodness to them in the concurrence of various causes which have, through his grace, brought them back to spiritual life. The first, and perhaps the most powerful of these, is the preaching of Neff. He was only three weeks in the valleys, and preached to them when pastors and people were alike ill-prepared to appreciate his zeal. But a few were converted, who being kept by the power of God, through the study of the

Scriptures, secret prayer, and meetings for mutual edification, both grew in grace themselves and became the means of converting others, till 200 or more earnest and prayerful brethren were sprinkled over the Vaudois territory. These became examples of living piety to their countrymen, the salt and the light of the Vaudois community; not the less influential because they had patiently, meekly, and courageously endured both insult and wrong. About the same time, other things were powerfully contributing to this result. The Scriptures had been scarce in the valleys and, the pastors being careless, were little known, when the aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society placed them within the reach of every Vaudois family. They were destitute of all superior instruction, when Dr. Gilly, now prebendary of Durham, visited them, wrote about them, interested many persons in their welfare, collected funds for them, and enabled them to found the College at La Tour, which has been a blessing to them ever since. Dr. Gilly was followed by Major, now General Beckwith, who, after the peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, having no employment, visited the valleys, became interested in their welfare, and has now, during many years, spent half of each year among them. Vaudois friends informed me that he has contributed many thousands of pounds of his own property to build or repair their school-houses and

temples, besides obtaining aid from friends. Still more was wanting, if they were to be essentially improved. Having no theological institution, they depended on foreign faculties for the instruction of their students; and many of these were unsound. Geneva, especially, had lost the evangelical faith, and her pastors having become generally Arian in their doctrine, or worse, tainted with their neology the Vaudois students who were placed under their care. But at this time eminent men were raised up both in Germany and Switzerland, to maintain the gospel, and the providence of God has brought the Vaudois students under their influence.

M. Revel, the Moderator, and M. Lantaret, the Assistant-Moderator, were students at Berlin, under Neander; and M. Lantaret, with whom I conversed on this subject, declared that he owed very much to the piety and kindness of that great man. M. Meille, who is one of the pastors of the Vaudois Church at Turin, and M. Gay, who has been lately chosen by the people of Angrogna as their pastor, both pious and useful men, were pupils of the admirable Vinet, of Lausanne. And latterly, both Neander and Vinet being dead, the Vaudois have entrusted their students chiefly to the theological school of Geneva, so that M. Durand Canton, of Prarustin, Rivoire, of Manneille, Davyt, of Massel, Muston, of Prali, Tron, of the College, Charbonnier, of Pignerol, and

Geymonat, of Genoa, have all studied under Gaussin, Merle D'Aubigné, and the other Christian professors of Geneva. By these means the majority of the Vaudois pastors have become evangelical, and it is doubtless through their influence, in a great measure, that the change in the views of the people has taken place. Perhaps I should add to the list of causes which have contributed to their spiritual improvement, the character of those English who, since the peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, have visited the valleys. Few of the gay and thoughtless English who have sought amusement at Florence, Rome, and Naples, have turned out of their way to see La Tour and Bobi, especially since the Swiss Lake of Lucerne has so much more beauty than the Piedmontese valley of Luserne, while Chamonix and Interlachen are so superior to the valleys of Angrogna and St. Martin. But many religious men have visited these valleys. Not to speak of their faithful friends, Dr. Gilly and General Beckwith, a whole stream of pious persons, from Francis Cunningham, who visited them thirty years ago to M. and Mdlle. Audebez, Miss Portal, and Mr. Richard Baxter, whom I met there this summer, have all exercised some good influence upon the minds of those of the Vaudois with whom they became acquainted. Above all, there has been, unquestionably, a work of grace among them: and Neff, had he

lived now, would have rejoiced to see how his earnest prayers on their behalf have been answered.

Contemporaneously with the spiritual improvement, they have obtained civil and religious liberty. For the first time, in their long history, with the exception of the brief period of the dominion of Napoleon, they are placed on an equality with their Catholic fellow-subjects. They may follow any trade in Piedmont, purchase property anywhere, exercise any profession, and be represented in parliament. Equally with their neighbours they may claim the protection of the law; and there are no remaining restrictions upon their industry. Their religious liberties are still more precious. The Catholic religion is still the only religion of the state. But other existing communions are tolerated, according to the law.* The law also protects all pacific meetings (*réunions pacifiques*), and the liberty of the press is very complete. Thus they can preach the gospel, and build temples throughout Piedmont, and may write, print, and publish what they will, provided that they do not directly attack the Church of Rome. Unconnected, also, with any revolutionary movements, and known to be loyal to their sovereign, they have, in that

* The following are the terms of the statute :—*La religion catholique, apostolique, et Romaine, est la seule religion de l'état; les autres cultes actuellement existants, sont tolérés conformément aux lois.*

respect, the confidence of the government, and are not suspected of hiding political objects, under the mask of religious zeal.

They are thus placed favorably for doing good in Piedmont, where, also, there exists, in many minds, the feeling that they are a virtuous and ill-used community. When we were leaving La Tour we met a Catholic gentleman and his wife, who fleeing from cholera, at Genoa, were about to stay, for some weeks, at La Tour. This gentleman assigned the known probity of the Vaudois as the reason why he preferred the valleys to any other place of equal distance from Turin, or Genoa: and among the liberal Catholics this feeling is probably common.

Still, to make them extensively useful in Piedmont, they want much improvement. Their poverty, with incessant and oppressive labor, is not favorable to their physical or intellectual development, and, as a community, they cannot, I think, in these respects, be compared with the Vaudois of the Pays de Vaud, with the Bernese, with the north of France, or with England and Scotland. Their women and children are injured by excess of toil. Poverty, too, with its accompanying toils, restrict their education to a great degree, and though they have 169 schools, and most of them read and write, yet they do not obtain the amount of knowledge which might enable them to prosper in the cities of France or

Piedmont. These circumstances render it improbable that they can furnish many men like M. Meille and M. Geymonat, capable of preaching effectually to the Italians. A want, still more injurious, arises from the low spiritual state of the churches. To move Italy, warm-hearted, energetic evangelists must rise, speaking Italian, like Italians, and preaching, as Neff preached. But till the Vaudois churches seek a great revival of spiritual religion among them, will the pastors or people be qualified for that arduous and honorable mission? They have great opportunities at present, and they are well disposed to work for the good of their country; but they ought to know that they cannot do a great work in their country, without great qualities. Vaudois pastors must so preach, and labor, and live, as to turn many of their parishioners to God. As the Pope, prelates, and priests honor Mary and the saints, so must they honor the Redeemer and the Holy Spirit. As the priests exclude the people from the use of the bible, on pretence that they would pervert it, so must the pastors make the whole population of the valleys accurately acquainted with it; and as the priests incessantly vilify their faith and them, the Vaudois must silence their accusers by being models of Christian virtue.

Meanwhile, if we, their brethren in England, ask ourselves whether we can in any way promote

their spiritual welfare, and serve Italy through them, the answer to this question is plain.

We can raise funds to aid their proposed theological college, by which evangelists may, as in the school of theology at Geneva, be trained for their work.

We can offer to pay for the visit of eminent French and Swiss pastors who may, like M. Neff or M. Roussel, preach through the parishes.

We can also place funds at the disposal of the Vaudois Table, for establishing missionary stations and evangelists in different towns of Piedmont.

And we can place other funds at their disposal for printing and circulating evangelical Italian works, judged by them to be fit for circulation, and previously inspected and approved by ourselves.

But, however useful the Vaudois may be in the evangelization of Italy, it would not be wise to confine our sympathies to them. For the moment, perhaps, independent Italian churches could not exist, because the priestly party would cry out against it, and the government would probably yield to that hostile influence, the law at present sanctioning existing communions only, that is, the Vaudois and the Jews. But Italian converts, whose history and training has been different from that of the Vaudois, have also different views and feelings. Perhaps they would not like

the idea of being directed in their polity and doctrine by a people whose language is not Italian, and whose education, with the exception of a few pastors, has been inferior to their own. It may be doubted whether Italians do not shrink from being reckoned Vaudois, as they certainly do from being reckoned Protestants. The names of Vaudois and Protestant stir up in Italy deep-seated prejudices, and, although in Christ all are one, yet, as a Jewish convert in apostolic days would not like to have been called a Samaritan, even if all Samaritans had become Christian, so an Italian convert may not like to be called Vaudois or Protestant, although disposed to glory in the name of evangelical Christian. The Italian converts, likewise, have no respect for the ecclesiastical forms to which the Vaudois cling with fondness, as the forms in which their heroic fathers worshipped God. The Vaudois are presbyterian; it is possible that the Italians may tend rather to congregationalism: the Vaudois churches are multitudinist; the Italian churches may seek to be established on the basis of individual profession, with a corresponding discipline. We may, therefore, while aiding our Vaudois brethren to do their work, look, perhaps, for a time when the Italian converts, being multiplied and protected by law, such a society as the Evangelical Society of France, established at Turin

or Genoa, may aim at the evangelisation of their country, without restricting the churches in connexion with them to the Vaudois doctrine and polity.

Wednesday, August 16th, we left our hospitable friends, M. and Mme. Lantaret, at six o'clock, reached Pignerol at nine, and arrived at Turin at eleven. At four we left Turin, and arrived at Novara by railroad at nine o'clock. The distance from Novara to Arona is small, so that trains will do it in less than two hours, but by diligence it cost us from half-past ten to five o'clock, which our coachman accounted for by telling us more than once that "his horses were good, but the road most infernal." It is true that the road was to blame, but the result was a movement so slow, that, as the diligence was full, and my legs cramped, I walked a considerable part of the way; and found, on each occasion of my walking throughout the night, that I left the diligence behind, and was obliged to stop for it. Such old-fashioned journeys are needful now and then to make us value as we ought modern locomotion.

The sun was rising beautifully over mountain and lake as we approached Arona. We rested several hours in the comfortable hotel, and at one o'clock took the steam-boat up the Lago Maggiore to Magadino. About four o'clock we reached

that place, and continued our journey to Bellinzona. From that place we started in the middle of the night to ascend the valley of the Tessin. After passing Airolo we began the ascent of St. Gothard, and walked up part of the Trummeln Thal, or trembling valley, where the Tessin thunders down its contracted channel with a rage and force scarcely surpassed by the Reuss, at the Devil's Bridge, on the opposite side of the mountain. Nothing scarcely can be more sublime than these irresistible leaps of delirious water. The road mounts to the summit of the pass by numerous zig-zags. By climbing straight up the mountain I reached the summit of the pass, which is 6,008 feet above the sea level, about half an hour before the diligence; but paid somewhat dearly for my walk by having to bear a snow-storm and an icy wind at the top when I was bathed in perspiration.

At Andernatt, the first village on the Uri side of the mountain, I met Mr. B. Brown, pastor of an Independent church at Brixton, who was meditating a descent to the Lago Maggiore and the Lake of Orta. In all the wildest passes of the Swiss mountains we now meet English friends, thanks to railroads and the intercourse of nations. Near Andernatt are the magnificent falls of the Reuss, at the Devil's Bridge, worthy to be classed with the Reichenbach, the Handek,

and the falls of the Rhine. War and the cannon's blaze have passed away from this grim solitude, and Suwarrow is now beyond all human quarrel; but that frantic flood still shakes the rocks with its struggles and its roar. Descending by the valley of the Reuss, amidst scenes "past all imagining," we came to Fluellen, on the Lake of Lucerne, about four o'clock; and by steam-boat from that place reached Lucerne at half-past six, in time for the table d'hôte at the Sweitzer Hoff. Saturday, we had a glorious day on the Righi. Every summit, from Mount Pilate to the Glarnisch, being bright and clear, while a thousand light clouds playing over the breasts of the mountains gave them new and aerial beauties. On Sunday morning we heard a sermon from the English minister at Lucerne; and in the afternoon an admirable sermon from Mr. Molyneux, of the Lock Chapel, London.

Ten hours of travel brought us next day to Basle; and leaving Basle by the railroad at six on Tuesday, we reached Paris at ten the same evening. So the journey from the valleys to London in a short time, when the rails are laid down from Novara to Arona, and from Lucerne to Basle, will be as follows:—

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|----------------------------|----------|
| From Pignerol to Turin . . | 1 hour. |
| From Turin to Arona . . . | 7 hours. |

From Arona to Bellinzona . 6 hours.

From Bellinzona to Lucerne . 20 hours.

From Lucerne to Basle . . 3 hours.

From Basle to Paris . . . 16 hours.

Total . . 53 hours.

This number of hours is exclusive of delays at the places which are mentioned.

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